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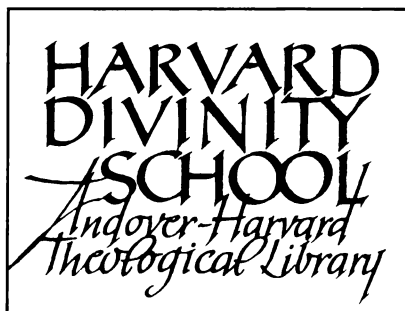
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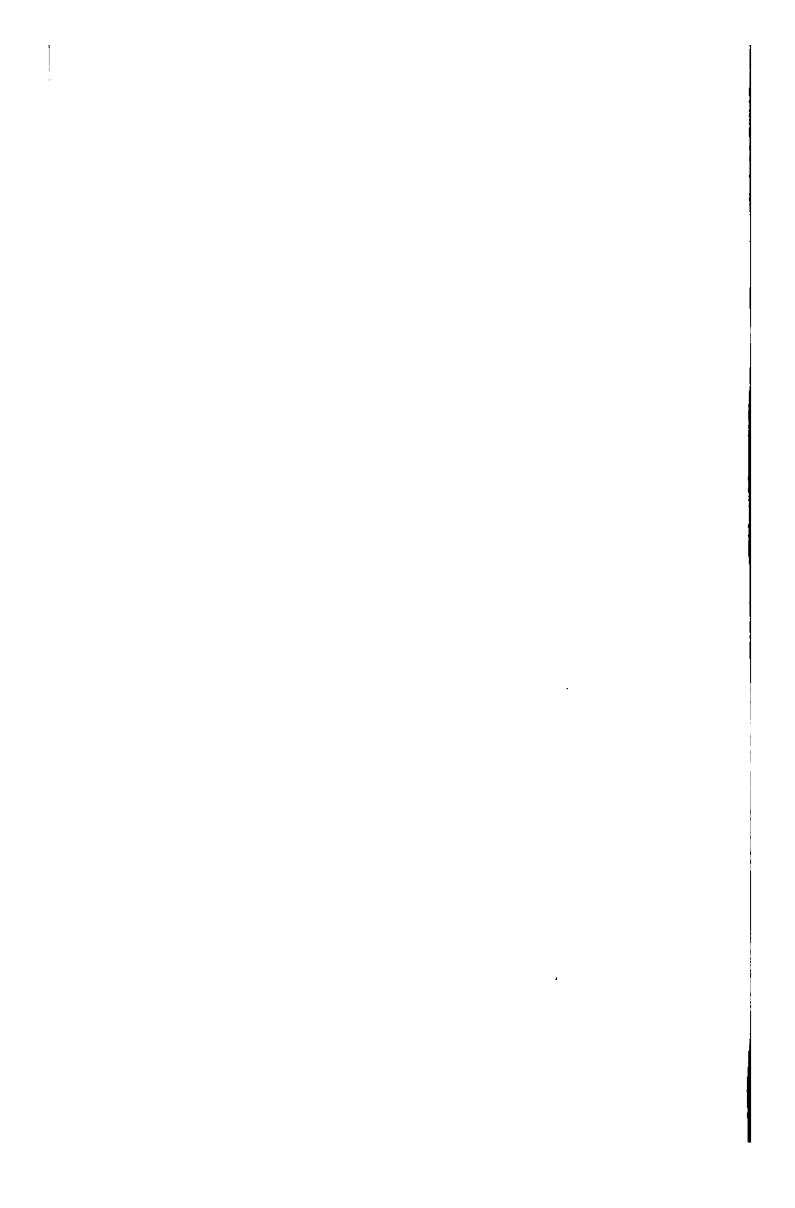


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H Y M N S,
FOR THE
CHAPEL OF HARROW SCHOOL.

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED.

Harrow School, 1855

FIRST EDITION, MDCCCLV.

SECOND EDITION, MDCCCLVII.



HARROW:
CROSSLEY AND CLARKE.

MDCCCLXVI.

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~~Mus 492.25.1866.2~~



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H Y M N S.

I

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

28

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last :
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

B

2

I WAKE, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

- 2 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Maker's will—
O may I never more do ill.
- 3 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will ;
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
The secret this of rest below.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above :
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

4

Hymns.

4

THROUGH the night by Thee preserved,
 Lord, we come to own Thy care :
 Hadst Thou done as we deserved,
 Death and wrath our portion were.
 Saviour, pardon all our sin ;
 Let this day with Thee begin ;
 Every hour,
 Every power,
 Through the day to Thee be given—
 Every day till called to heaven.

5

COME, my soul, thou must be waking—
 Now is breaking
 O'er the earth another day :
 Come, to Him who made this splendour
 See thou render
 All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the light returning :
 Ready burning
 Be the incense of thy powers :
 For the night is safely ended—
 God hath tended
 With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
 Each endeavour,
 When thine aim is good and true ;
 But that He may ever thwart thee,
 And convert thee,
 When thou evil wouldst pursue.

- 4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth—
He unfoldeth
 Every fault that lurks within ;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
 And discern each deed of sin.
- 5 Fettered to the fleeting hours,
All our powers,
 Vain and brief, are borne away :
Time, my soul, thy ship is steering,
Onward veering,
 To the gulph of death a prey.
- 6 May'st thou then on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
 Pass away in slumber sweet ;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
 That far brighter Sun to greet.
- 7 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
 But His Spirit's voice obey :
Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,
Splendour breathing
 Fairer than the fairest day.
- 8 Round the gifts His bounty showers
Walls and towers
 Girt with flames thy God shall rear :
Angel legions to defend thee
Shall attend thee,
 Hosts whom Satan's self shall fear.

6 **C**HRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, draw near ;
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see ;
Till they pour their gladdening light
Through the darkness of our night.

3 Visit, then, these souls of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill us, O Thou Light Divine ;
Scatter all our unbelief :
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

7

LORD of our life, whose tender care
Hath led us on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before Thy throne we bow ;
We bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

2 O may we daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow ;
To Thee and to Thy glory live,
Dead else to all below ;
Tread in the path our Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

- 3 With prayer our humble praise we bring
For mercies day by day ;
Lord, teach our hearts Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach us how to pray :
All that we have, and are, to Thee
We offer through eternity.
- 8 **F**ORTH in Thy name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labour to pursue ;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all we think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let us cheerfully fulfil ;
In all our works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will
- 3 Give us to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.
- 4 Fain would we still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given ;
And run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.
- 9 **L**ORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high :
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

- 3 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there :
I will frequent Thine holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.
- 4 O lead me, Lord, and make Thy ways
Direct before my face :
So shall my steps be righteousness,
And all my conflicts peace.

10

- T**O-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sov'reign hand ;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away :
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Awaken by Thy mighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
Be that one thing pursued :
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light ;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

11

- G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose ;
Thou with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And praise with the angelic choir
Incessant sing, and never tire ?
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

12 **S**UN of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

6 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

7 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

13

ANOTHER fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year;
And still with each successive sun
Life's fading visions disappear.

- 2 Another fleeting day is gone !
And soon a fairer day shall rise,
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone !
In solemn silence rest, my soul ;
Bend low before His awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

14

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal :
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal :
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

15

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us ;
Wearied we lie down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us ;
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesus, Thou our guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
In Thy love may we repose ;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

16

SUNK is the sun's last beam of light,
And darkness wraps the world in night :
Christ ! light us with Thy heavenly ray,
Nor let our feet in darkness stray.

- 2 Thanks, Lord, that Thou throughout the day
Hast kept all grief and harm away ;
That angels tarried round about
Our coming in and going out.
- 3 What we of wrong have done or said,
Let not on us the charge be laid ;
That, through Thy free forgiveness blest,
In peaceful slumber we may rest.
- 4 Thy guardian angels round us place,
All evil from our couch to chase ;
Both soul and body, while we sleep,
In safety, gracious Father, keep.

17

FATHER ! by Thy love and power
 Comes again the evening hour ;
 Light has vanished, labours cease,
 Weary creatures rest in peace :
 We to Thee ourselves resign,
 Let our latest thoughts be Thine !

2 Saviour ! Thou hast seen to-day
 How, like sheep, we've gone astray ;
 Selfish wishes, thoughts of pride,
 Secret sins Thou hast descried :
 Blessed Saviour, yet through Thee
 Pray that these may pardoned be.

3 Holy Spirit ! ere we sleep,
 We with Thee will vigils keep :
 Lead us on our sins to muse,
 Truest penitence infuse,
 Melt our spirits, mould our will,
 Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

4 Blessed Trinity ! be near
 Through the hours of darkness drear ;
 When the help of man is far,
 Ye more clearly present are ;
 Guard us, till the morning rays
 Wake us to a song of praise.

I NTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head !
By my heavenly Father blest,
Now I give myself to rest.

- 2 Let Thine eye that cannot sleep
Night's defenceless watches keep ;
Bless'd vicissitude to me—
Day and night, I'm still with Thee.
- 3 Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless songs of worthiest praise.
- 4 Through the throng His gracious ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear ;
And His Spirit shall diffuse
Gentler far than midnight dews.
- 5 What if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
While encircled by Thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 6 With Thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest :
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee !

19

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned ;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live :

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast ;

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity !
One Lord Divine !
May I be ever His,
And he for ever mine.

20

AS now the sun's declining rays
 At eventide descend,
 So life's brief day is sinking down
 To its appointed end.

- 2 Lord, on the cross Thine arms were stretched,
 To draw Thy people nigh :
 O grant us, then, that cross to love,
 And in those arms to die.
- 3 All glory to the Father be,
 All glory to the Son,
 All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
 While endless ages run.

21

ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
 abide :
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see :
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with
 me.

- 4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

22

- G**OD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night !
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !
- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie !
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high !

23 **A** NOTHER week its course has run,
Another Sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest,
Improve the day that God has blest.

2 O may our thoughts and thanks arise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

3 This holy calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the sons of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end !

24

B LEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days ;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
Sweet hour of joy and praise !

2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine,
His rising thee did raise :
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond the common days.

3 Daily, O Lord, Thy flock is blest
In pastures large and fair ;
But better is the weekly feast
Provided by Thy care.

- 4 Welcome, kind Shepherd, to Thy sheep
Are those foretastes of love ;
But what a Sabbath shall they keep,
When safe with Thee above !
- 5 How wise Thy love, how light its chain,
Which binds us to be free,
Cuts short our toil, ensures our gain,
And lifts our souls to Thee !

25

- L**ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house ;
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from this desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above :
To that our longing souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 No weariness, nor pain, nor care,
Nor sin, nor death, shall enter there ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which issue from immortal tongues :
- 4 No rude alarms of angry foes,
No fears to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But brightness of eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To rest, with full content, in God.

- S**WEET is the work, our God and King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No earthly cares shall fill our breast;
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless Him for His works and word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!
- 4 In that eternal world of joy
Shall every power find sweet employ;
Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
All we desired or wished below.

- 27 **G**REAT God, this sacred day of Thine,
Demands our soul's collected powers:
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours:
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to Thy throne.
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides, appear no more:
Omniscient God, Thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:
O may Thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

- 3 The word of life dispensed to-day
Invites us to a heavenly feast ;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble guest :
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed.
- 4 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart :
O may Thy word with life divine
Engage the ear and warm the heart ;
Then shall the day indeed be Thine :
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to Thy throne.

28

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams ;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames !

- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love ;
Our wandering thoughts forgive :
We would be like Thy saints above,
Unlike them as we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end :
- 4 Where we shall breathe a heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

29

SERVANTS of God, awake
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay ;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 Upon this happy morn
The Lord of life arose ;
He burst the bands of death,
And vanquished all our foes ;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail ! triumphant Lord !
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings ;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign !

30

ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven.

- 3 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin :
But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;
By Thy grace alone we live.
- 4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead ;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.
- 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

3¹

SOON, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease ;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
Vanish soon these hours of peace ;
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

- 2 But the rest which yet remains
For Thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains—
Endless as their Saviour's love :
O may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near !

32

- O** SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will :
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O blessed Jesus, be our Light.
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall :
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O blessed Jesus, be our Light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace :
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O blessed Jesus, be our Light.
- 4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee :
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O blessed Jesus, be our Light.
- 5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
O never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared :
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O blessed Jesus, be our Light.

- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all :
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O blessed Jesus, be our Light.

33

- J**ESUS, where'er Thy people meet
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind :
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of Thy faithful few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting souls proclaim
The glories of Thy saving name.
- 4 Now may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and banish care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear :
O rend the heavens, Thyself make known,
And make our sinful hearts Thine own.

34

POUR down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here ;
Let us receive the engrafted word,
With meekness and with fear.

2 By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he, who in Thy name believes,
Shall live, to die no more.

3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those that love Thy name ;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free ;
And often since our life had failed,
Unless renewed by Thee.

5 To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call ;
Our Life and Resurrection Thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

35

IN Thy presence we appear ;
Lord, we love to worship here ;
Here Thy faithful people meet
Thee upon Thy mercy-seat.

2 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend ;
Hear us when Thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

- 3 While Thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our righteousness.
- 4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through Thy name,
In their voices let us own
Jesus speaking from His throne.

36

- L**ORD! when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 3 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And lift it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
Which grants it, or denies.
- 4 When our united voices strive
Their cheerful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And lift our souls in praise.
- 5 Then, on Thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till love divine transported tell
Thou, God, art Father too!

37

LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord ;
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word !

- 2 How cold and feeble is our love,
How negligent our fear ;
How low our hopes of joys above,
How few affections there !
- 3 Great God ! Thy sovereign power impart,
To give Thy word success ;
Write Thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn Thy grace.
- 4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joy on high ;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

38

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display :
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

- 2 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

4 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

39

GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold Thy servants wait :
With longing eyes and lifted hands
We flock around Thy gate.

2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 With speedy flight may He descend,
And heavenly comfort bring ;
And o'er our fainting souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven ;
And raise with energy divine
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

40

O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee ;
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

2 How sweet within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace ;
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 O may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode ;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

5 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love ;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

Psalm c.

41 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make :
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

42

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

43

Psalm LXXXIV.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still ;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

- 4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence :
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
His special grace
And glory too.

44

- G**RATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing :
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored !
- 2 Though unworthy of Thine ear,
Still our hallelujahs hear :
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints above we sing.
- 3 Lead us to that blissful state
Where Thou reign'st supremely great ;
Look with pity from Thy throne,
Send Thy Holy Spirit down.
- 4 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in the way ;
Till we come to reign with Thee,
And Thy glorious greatness see.
- 5 Then in joyful songs of praise
We'll our grateful voices raise :
Lord, Thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail !

45

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus !"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us !"

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine !

- 4 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb !

46

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
And still He is nigh, His presence we have ;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son ;
Our Saviour's great praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing for infinite love.

47

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

MY God, and is Thy table spread,
 And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all Thy children led,
 And let them all its sweetness know.

- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

- 3 O let Thy table honoured be,
 And furnished well with joyful guests:
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.

BREAD of Heaven! on Thee we feed,
 For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
 Ever let our souls be fed
 With this true and living bread.

- 2 Lord of Heaven! Thy wounded side
 Hath this blessed cup supplied;
 Pardon in Thy cross we see;
 May Thy stripes our healing be.

- 3 Mighty Saviour! risen Lord!
 Day by day Thy strength afford;
 Jesus, let us ever be
 Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

50

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed ;
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead ;

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

51

LET us adore th' eternal Word—
'Tis He our souls hath fed ;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And Thou the immortal bread.

- 2 The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above ;
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.
- 3 Blessed be the Lord, that gives His flesh
To nourish dying men ;
And often spreads His table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
- 4 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies ;
Nor shall our spirit fail in death,
For Jesus never dies.

52.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee :—
- 4 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

53

O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel ;
And thus inspired with holy fear
Before Thy table kneel.

- 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love ;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

- 3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food ;
Our meat, the body of the Lord,
Our drink, His precious blood.
- 4 Thus may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

54

- L**O, the feast is spread to-day,
Jesus summons, come away !
From the vanity of life,
From the sounds of mirth or strife,
To the feast by Jesus given,
Come, and taste the bread of heaven.
- 2 Why, with proud excuse and vain,
Spurn His mercy once again ?
From amidst life's social ties,
From the farm and merchandise,
Come, for all is now prepared ;
Freely given ; be freely shared.
- 3 Blessed are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer's marriage-feast ;
Blessed, who on Him shall feed,
Bread of life, and drink indeed ;
Blessed, for their thirst is o'er ;
They shall never hunger more.

55

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy burdens on the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee.

2 Look to Him, till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart :
His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from His cross depart.

3 Look to Him, till His dying love
Thine every thought control ;
Its vast, constraining influence prove,
O'er body, spirit, soul.

4 Look to Him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing Friend :
He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

56

LORD, when before Thy throne we meet,
Thy goodness to adore,
From heaven, th' eternal mercy-seat,
On us Thy blessing pour ;
And make our inmost souls to be
An habitation meet for Thee.

2 The body for our ransom given,
The blood in mercy shed !
With this immortal food from heaven,
Lord, let our souls be fed ;
And as we round Thy table kneel,
Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.

- 3 Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh !
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear ;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies.

57

- O** FIRST in sorrow, First in pain,
Thou Lamb of God for sinners slain ;
Messiah, Jesus, Lord of Life,
Thou mighty Victor in the strife,
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
Pleading Thy death for sinners now.
- 2 Eternal Victim, from Thy side
Thy love did pour a crimson tide ;
And still Thy vesture dyed in blood
Gives token of the cleansing flood :
The Lamb for ever slain art Thou,
Pleading Thy death for sinners now.
- 3 O Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Thou Sun with healing in Thy wings,
Pour down upon our darkened sight
The brightness of Thy living light :
So may we know Thee, Victim, Priest,
And find Thee in Thy heavenly feast.

58 **F**ATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
See Thine own anointed One,
Look on Thy beloved Son.

2 Turn from me Thy glorious eyes
To the perfect sacrifice ;
To the full atonement made,
To the utmost ransom paid ;

3 To the blood that speaks above,
Calling for forgiving love ;
To the promise in His death,
Sealed and witnessed here beneath.

59 **G**UIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrims through this barren land :
We are weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold us with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

2 Open Thou the living fountain
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside ;
Bear us through the o'erwhelming torrent,
Land us safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

60

SWEET is the Spirit's strain ;
 Breathed by soft pleadings inly heard,
 By all the heart's deep fountains stirred,
 By conscience, and the written Word ;
 Come, wanderers, home again !

2 The Bride repeats the call ;
 By high thanksgiving, lowly prayer,
 By days of rest, and fostering care,
 By holy rites, that all may share,
 She whispers, Come ! to all.

3 Let him who hears say, Come !
 If thou hast been sin's wretched slave,
 If thou art risen from that grave,
 Thy sleeping brethren seek to save,
 And call the wanderers home.

4 And let all come, who thirst !
 Freely for every child of woe
 The streams of living water flow ;
 And whosoever will, may go
 Where healing fountains burst.

5 There drink and be at rest ;
 On Him who died for thee believe,
 The Spirit's quickening grace receive,
 No more the God who seeks thee grieve :
 Be holy, and be blest !

61

HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the captives to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of death before Him burst,
Its iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyelid of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The contrite soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine advent shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

62

IN the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be ;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise,
Darker storms the mountains sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear ;
Then, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, His chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh !

63

WHEN Christ came down on earth of old,
He took our nature poor and low ;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But shared our weakness and our woe.

- 2 But when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne ;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.
- 3 O Son of God ! in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead ;
O Son of Man ! so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed ;
- 4 Be with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,
By all Thy love and all Thy power,
In that great day of judgment save !

64

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing !
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

2 Hosanna, Lord ! Thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord ! Thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound :
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

3 O Saviour ! with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer !
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim !
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal ! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee !
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again :
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

65

LO! He comes! with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Yea, Amen!

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour! take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created :
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated :
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before—
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

- 2 The dead in Christ are first to rise,
And greet th' archangel's warning,
To meet the Saviour in the skies
On this auspicious morning :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day.
On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 Far over space, to distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing ;
The ungodly rise, and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone,
They quake before the judgment throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 O who may dare, just King of kings,
To stand at Thine appearing ?
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing :
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

67 **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

68 **T**HE world is grown old, and her pleasures
are past ; [last ;
The world is grown old, and her form may not
The world is grown old, and trembles for fear,
For sorrows abound, and judgment is near !

2 The sun in the heaven is languid and pale ;
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale ;
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near !

3 The king on his throne, the bride in her bower,
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour ;
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer,
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near !

4 The world is grown old !—but should we complain,
Who have tried her and know that her promise is
Our heart is in heaven, our home is not here, [vain ?
And we look for our crown when judgment is near !

69 **E**ARTH is past away, and gone
 All her glories, every one ;
 All her pomp is broken down :
 God is reigning—God alone !

2 All her high ones lowly lie,
 All her mirth hath passed by,
 All her merry-hearted sigh :
 God is reigning—God on high !

3 No more sorrow, no more night ;
 Perfect joy, and purest light ;
 With His spotless saints and bright
 God is reigning in the height !

4 Blessing, praise, and glory bring ;
 Offer every holy thing :
 Everlasting praises sing !
 God is reigning, God is King !

70

RETURN, and come to God,
 Cast all your sins away :
 Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
 Repent, believe, obey.

2 Say not ye cannot come :
 For Jesus bled, and died,
 That none who ask in humble faith
 Should ever be denied.

3 Say not ye will not come :
 'Tis God vouchsafes to call ;
 And fearful will their end be found,
 On whom His wrath shall fall.

- 4 Come, then, whoever will,
Come, while 'tis called to-day :
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
Repent, believe, obey.

71

- B**LESSED Lord, who, till the morning
Of thine Advent shall appear,
Words of hope hast left, a warning,
Souls to strengthen, guide, and cheer ;
Left them written for our learning,
Pointing out the narrow way,
Lest our hearts, with all their yearning
After home, should go astray :
- 2 Grant us, in those sacred pages,
Grace to find the gifts untold,
Which for ages upon ages
Did Thy people's hearts uphold.
Grant us, in the sacred story
Of the deeds which Thou hast done,
Grace to catch those gleams of glory
That on saint and martyr shone.
- 3 Grant us faithful hearts to linger
O'er the steps which Thou hast trod,
While Thy cross with silent finger
Points the upward way to God ;
With our lamps well trimmed and burning,
Patient through Thy holy word,
Watching for Thy bright returning,
Waiting for our absent Lord.

72 **C**OME, Thou Saviour long expected,
Born to set Thy people free ;
By Thy watchful love protected,
May we find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth, Thou art ;
Blest desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

- 2 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

73 **T**HE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And withering from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead..
- 3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

- 4 Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?
O God ! is this the crucified ?
- 5 Go, sinners, to the rocks complain !
Go, seek the mountains cleft in vain !
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—" The Lord is come !"

74

HARK ! a thrilling voice is sounding ;
" Christ is nigh," it seems to say ;
" Cast away the works of darkness,
O ye children of the day !"

- 2 Startled by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ, our Sun, all clouds dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Once the Lamb, so long expected,
Came in great humility :
Once again behold He cometh,
Robed in dreadful majesty.
- 4 Hark ! a thrilling voice is sounding,
" Christ is nigh," it seems to say ;
" Cast away the works of darkness,
O ye children of the day !"

75

O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled ?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach Thy gospel to the poor ?

- 2 Come, Jesus, come ! return again ;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.
- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.
- 4 Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on Thee.
- 5 Come, Jesus, come ! and, as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day ;
- 6 So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap Thy harvest there.

76

THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see ;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.

- 2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died ;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side :
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn ;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
- 3 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear the voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

- 77 **L**ORD, to Thy holy temple
Return, return again ;
Come back and fill with glory
The hearts and ways of men !
Not as a lowly infant,
Unnoticed and unknown, .
But in the royal splendour
Of Thine eternal throne !
- 2 O Thou, whom we delight in,
The Messenger of love,
Come to Thy temple quickly
Back from Thy throne above !
But who may bide Thy coming,
Who hear Thy footsteps tread,
Who stand when Thou appearest,
Thou Judge of quick and dead ?
- 3 Thy Spirit send before Thee,
Till every heart, restored
By His new life, adore Thee,
Their only God and Lord !
And make our offerings pleasant
As in the days of old,
And as in former happy years
Of which our fathers told.
- 4 Come back and fill Thy temple,
Built up of human hearts,
With that abiding presence
Which never more departs !
Come where the prostrate nations
Before Thy feet shall fall ;
Come with Thy holy angels,
Come back the Lord of all !

78

HARK ! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King !
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled !
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem !
 Hark ! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King !

2 Christ by highest heaven adored,
 Christ the everlasting Lord !
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see—
 Hail, Incarnate Deity !
 Man with man He deigns to dwell,
 Jesus, our Immanuel !
 Hark ! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King !

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Lo ! He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hark ! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King !

79

- O** COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !
- 2 God of God,
 Light of Light,
Lo ! He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
 Very God,
 Begotten, not created ;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !
- 3 Sing, choirs of angels,
 Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
 Glory to God
 In the highest :
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !
- 4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
 Born this happy morning :
Jesus, to Thee be glory given ;
 Word of the Father,
 Now in flesh appearing :
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

80

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 “Fear not,” said he ; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 “To you in David’s town this day
Is born of David’s line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :

4 “The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :

6 “All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace ;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease !”

81

HE has come ! the Christ of God ;
Left for us His glad abode ;
Stooping from His throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.

2 He has come ! the Prince of Peace ;
Come to bid our sorrows cease ;
Come to scatter with His light
All the shadows of our night.

3 He the mighty King has come !
Making this poor earth His home ;
Come to bear our sin's sad load ;
Son of David, Son of God !

4 He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race ;
Left for us His glad abode ;
Son of Mary, Son of God !

5 Unto us a Child is born !
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.

6 Unto us a Son is given !
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

82

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born ;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

- 2 On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On His vesture and His thigh
Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He,
The Incarnate Deity ;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.

83

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

- 2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King ;
- 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart ;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

84 **O** SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
 Gave to our world below ;
 To mortal want and labour born,
 And more than mortal woe :

2 Incarnate Word ! by every grief,
 By each temptation tried,
 Who lived to yield our ills relief,
 And to redeem us died :

3 If, gaily clothed and proudly fed,
 In dangerous wealth we dwell ;
 Remind us of Thy manger bed,
 And lowly cottage cell.

4 If, pressed by poverty severe,
 In envious want we pine,
 O may the Spirit whisper near,
 How poor a lot was Thine.

5 Through fickle fortune's various scene
 From sin preserve us free :
 Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
 May we rejoice with Thee.

85 **L**ORD of mercy and of might,
 Of mankind the life and light,
 Maker, Teacher infinite,
 Holy Jesu, hear and save !

2 Thou, when sin's primæval doom
 Gave creation to the tomb,
 Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb—
 Holy Jesu, hear and save !

- 3 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal Child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Holy Jesu, hear and save!
- 4 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Holy Jesu, hear and save!
- 5 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Holy Jesu, hear and save!

86

- A** NGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King!
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Round you shines the heavenly light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King!
 - 3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear;
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King!

87

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid :

Star of the east, the horizon adorning,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid :
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

88

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

89

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

- 2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night
To guide us to our God.
- 3 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given :
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

90

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing :
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

3 To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever,
His great, best name of Love.

91

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star !
Jacob's Star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

2 Fear not hence that there should flow
Wars or pestilence below :
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

3 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death ;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear ;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare ;
Meet Him manifested there.

5 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes ;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

6 Sing, ye morning stars, again !
God descends on earth to reign ;
Deigns for man His life to employ,
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy !

92 **O** THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me !

2 When on my aching burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,
In love remember me !

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day,
For good remember me !

4 If on my face, for Thy loved name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me !

5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath—
O Lord, remember me !

93 **O** HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give :
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe :
For still the more Thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Saviour ! from on high ;
We know no help but Thee :
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

94

L ORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

- 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

95

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin :
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

2 We need not to confess our faults,
For surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.
Therefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

3 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have ?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek,
This is the total sum :
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;
O let Thy mercy come.

96

LORD! have mercy when we strive
First to save our souls alive!
When the pampered flesh is strong,
When the strife is fierce and long;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin,
And our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale—
O then have mercy, Lord!

2 Lord! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill;
When all other hope is gone;
When our course is almost done;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come—
O then have mercy, Lord!

3 Lord! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant heaven;
When our darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress,
And our saddened spirits dwell
On the open gates of hell—
O then have mercy, Lord!

97

SAVIOUR ! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
O by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany.

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears ;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness ;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.
- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn Litany.

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony and prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany.

98

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here :
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray—
Turn not Thy suppliants, Lord, away !

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay—
Turn not Thy suppliants, Lord, away !

O LORD, Thou knowest all the snares
 That round our pathway be ;
 Thou know'st that both our joys and cares
 Come between us and Thee ;
 Thou know'st that our infirmity
 In Thee alone is strong :
 To Thee for help and strength we fly ;
 O let us not go wrong.

- 2 O bear us up, protect us now
 In dark temptation's hour ;
 For Thou wast born of woman, Thou
 Hast felt the tempter's power :
 All sinless, Thou canst feel for those
 Who strive and suffer long ;
 But O midst all our cares and woes
 Still let us not go wrong.

SON of man, to Thee we cry ;
 By the holy mystery
 Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
 By Thy pure and holy birth,—
 Lord, Thy presence let us see,
 Thou our Light and Saviour be !

- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee we cry ;
 By Thy bitter agony,
 By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
 By Thy spirit's parting groan,—
 Lord, Thy presence let us see,
 Thou our Light and Saviour be !

- 3 Prince of Life, to Thee we cry ;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power to help and save,—
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be !
- 4 Lord of Glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love our bosom fill ;
Help us to perform Thy will :
Then Thy glory we shall see,
Thou wilt bring us home to Thee.

101

- R**OCK of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling :
Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
 - 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

102

JESUS, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide—
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

103

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow ;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear :
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls ;
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier :
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

5 When the heart is sad within
With the sense of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

6 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own ;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear :
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

104

- R**IDE on ! ride on in majesty !
 In lowly pomp ride on to die !
 O Christ ! Thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive death and conquered sin !
- 2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
 To see the approaching sacrifice !
- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
 The Father on His sapphire throne
 Expects His own anointed Son !
- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 In lowly pomp ride on to die !
 Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain !
 Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign !

105

- T**HE morning dawns upon the place
 Where Jesus spent the night in prayer :
 Through yielding glooms behold His face—
 Nor form nor comeliness is there.
- 2 Last eve, by those He called His own,
 Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,
 He met His enemies alone,
 In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 3 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
 Mock homage of the lip, the knee,
 The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
 The scourge, the nail, the accursed tree.

- 4 No guile within His mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'midst His murderers He remains.
- 5 But hark! He prays—'tis for His foes;
He speaks—'tis comfort to His friends;
Answers—and Paradise bestows;
He bows His head—the conflict ends.
- 6 Truly this was the Son of God!
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for Himself—for man He dies.

106

- T**O the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
Christ doth impart
The virtue of His midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.
- 2 Mortal, if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think who did once from heaven to hell descend,
Thee to befriend:
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all.
- 3 "O Father! not my will, but Thine be done"—
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys,
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest!

107

CLEFT are the rocks, the earth doth quake,
The slumberers of the grave awake;
The temple's veil is rent in twain;
For Christ, our sacrifice, is slain,
And bears of sin and death the pain.

- 2 The Mighty One, the Son of God,
Hath humbly kissed affliction's rod,
That by His stripes we might be healed,
Our pardon by His blood be sealed,
And boundless mercy stand revealed.
- 3 We all, like sheep, have gone astray,
And turned aside from wisdom's way:
But He hath saved us from our sin;
Our God the ransom-Lamb hath been;
Our God hath saved us from our sin.
- 4 O let us cast each vice away,
Which thus the Son of God could slay;
With contrite heart and weeping eye
Behold the Saviour's cross on high,
And every sin and folly fly.
- 5 So may we join the song of love
Which saints and angels sing above:
All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
Which was, and art, and art to be,
The Lamb slain from eternity!

108

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn from Him to watch and pray.

2 See Him at the judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned:
See Him meekly bearing all;
Love to man His soul sustained:
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain view,
There the Lord of glory see
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursed tree:
"It is finished," hear Him cry;
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.

4 Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid the breathless clay:
Angels kept their vigils there—
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He seeks the skies;
Saviour! teach us so to rise.

109

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

2 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks and rending vale,
Earth that trembles at His doom,
Yonder saints who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow ;
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He ?
By the last and bitter cry
Of expiring agony,
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead,
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified, we know Thee now ;
Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

- 4 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
“ Lord, they know not what they do ;”
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

110

FROM Calvary's cross a fountain flows,
Of water and of blood ;
More healing than Bethesda's pool,
Or famed Siloam's flood.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And we would there, defiled as he,
Wash all our sins away.
- 3 Atoning Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 O then in nobler, sweeter songs,
We'll sing Thy power to save,
When these poor lisping, stammering tongues
Lie silent in the grave.

I I I

LORD of my heart, by Thy last cry,
Let not Thy blood in vain be spent :
Lo! at Thy feet I fainting lie;
Mine eyes upon Thy cross are bent ;
Upon Thy cross my weary eyes
Wait, like parched lands on April skies.

- 2 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassions, hear!
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear!
Repentance, faith, and pardon give;
O let me turn again, and live!

I I 2

SAVIOUR, we lift our trembling eyes
To that bright seat where, placed on high,
The great, the atoning sacrifice,
For us, for all, is ever nigh.

- 2 Be Thou our guard on peril's brink,
Be Thou our guide through weal or woe ;
And teach us of Thy cup to drink,
And make us in Thy path to go.
- 3 For what is earthly change or loss?
Thy promises are still our own :
The feeblest frame may bear Thy cross,
The lowliest spirit share Thy throne.

113

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the Cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters " God is love ;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross ! it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ; .
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terrors from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light :
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.
- 6 To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore.

114

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
 If thou wouldst my disciple be ;
 Deny thyself, the world forsake,
 And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross : let not its weight
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
 And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
 Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :
 The Lord for thee the cross endured,
 To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross in His dear might,
 And calmly every danger brave ;
 'Twill guide thee to a better home,
 And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
 Nor think till death to lay it down ;
 For only he who bears the cross
 May hope to wear the glorious crown.

115

AT length the worst is o'er, and Thou art laid
 Deep in Thy darksome bed ;
 All still and cold beneath yon dreary stone
 Thy sacred form is gone ;
 Around those lips where power and mercy hung,
 The dew of death have clung ;
 The dull earth o'er Thee, and Thy foes around,
 Thou sleep'st a silent corse, in funeral fetters wound.

116

RESTING from His work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

- 2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene ;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.
- 3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
We would solemn vigil spend :
Let us hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In these hearts Thou callest Thine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.
- 4 Myrrh and spices will we bring,
True affection's offering ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till our Lord appear again.

117

ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and Satan's spite;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night:
Yet once more, His own to save,
Christ must sleep within the grave.

2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
On the bitter cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

3 Close and still the tomb that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes:
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

118

BY Jesus' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

2 At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore,
Of Him who all our sufferings bore.

3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade,
The Lord, by whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

- 4 O hearts bereaved and sore distrest,
Here is for you a place of rest ;
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.
- 5 So when the dayspring from on high
Shall chase the night and fill the sky,
Then shall the Lord again draw nigh.

119

- C**HRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say :
Raise your note of triumph high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply !
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.
 - 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.
 - 4 Lives again our glorious King—
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save—
Where thy victory, O grave ?
 - 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies !

120

JESUS Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah !
 Our triumphant holy day ;
 Who did once upon the cross
 Suffer to redeem our loss. Hallelujah !

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing Hallelujah !
 Unto Christ our heavenly King ;
 Who endured the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah !

3 But the pains which He endured Hallelujah !
 Our redemption have procured ;
 Now above the sky He's King,
 Where the angels ever sing, Hallelujah !

121

WE saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,
 O Saviour, this our sinful earth ;
 Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,
 And wake them to a second birth :
 But we believe that Thou didst come,
 And quit for us Thy glorious home.

2 We were not with Thee on the wave,
 When Thou the stormy sea didst bind ;
 Nor saw the health Thy blessing gave
 To lame and sick, to deaf and blind :
 But we believe the Fount of Light
 Could give the darkened eyeball sight.

- 3 We were not with the faithful few
 Who stood Thy bitter cross around ;
Nor heard the prayer for those who slew,
 Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground :
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side—
Yet we believe that Thou hast died.
- 4 No angels' message met our ear
 On that first glorious Easter-day—
“ The Lord is risen, He is not here ;
 Come see the place where Jesus lay ! ”
But we believe that Thou didst quell
The banded powers of death and hell.
- 5 We did not mark the chosen few,
 When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
 Then to the earth all prostrate bend :
But we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.
- 6 We saw Thee not return on high—
 And now, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
 Shines down upon our wilderness :
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

122

CHRISt is risen ! the Lord is come,
Bursting from the sealed tomb !
Death and hell, in mute dismay,
Render up their mightier prey.

- 2 Christ is risen ! but not alone !
Death, thy kingdom is o'erthrown !
We shall rise as He hath risen
From the deep sepulchral prison !
- 3 Heirs of death, and sons of clay,
Long in death's dark thrall we lay,
And went down in trembling gloom
To the unawakening tomb.
- 4 Heirs of life, and sons of God,
On the path our Captain trod
Now we hope to soar on high
To the everlasting sky.
- 5 Mortal once, immortal now,
Our vile bodies off we throw,
Glorious bodies to put on
Round our great Redeemer's throne !
- 6 Lofty hopes ! and theirs indeed
Who the Christian's life shall lead ;
Christ's below in faith and love,
Christ's in endless bliss above !

- 123 **W**HEN two friends on Easter-day
To Emmaus bent their way,
On that Paschal eventide
Christ was walking at their side.
Then their hearts within them glowed
When Himself to them He showed
In the Scriptures, as a king
Glorified by suffering.
- 2 Thou art ever with us, Lord,
Walking in Thy holy word;
And Thy voice, O Saviour dear,
In that word we ever hear:
What the holy prophets meant
In the Ancient Testament,
Thou art opening to our view,
Lord, for ever in the New.
- 3 And Thy presence, Lord, we feel
When we at Thy table kneel;
When we feed upon Thee there,
We too at Emmaus are;
Then our eyes are opened
In the breaking of the bread;
Faith Thee ever present sees
In Thy holy mysteries.
- 4 Though not kenn'd by carnal eye,
Yet we know Thee ever nigh;
Though Thou art much further gone,
Even to Thy heavenly throne,
Yet we, Lord, behold Thy face
Ever in Thy means of grace;
There Thou walkest by our side,
There Thou with us dost abide.

124

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
Jesus, the Son of Man, appears.

- 2 He, who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Now high exalted for us pleads,
And with His Father intercedes.
- 3 He knows, for He hath borne the same,
The wants and frailty of our frame :
And though ascended far on high,
Still bends on earth a pitying eye.
- 4 Saviour, with boldness to Thy throne
We come to make our sorrows known ;
For mercy and for grace we plead,
To help us in the hour of need.

125

THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies ;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed ;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

- 2 Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To travel to Thy crown :
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee !
- 3 Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the armies of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O ! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high !

126

HAILE ! the day that sees Him rise, Hallelujah !
Glorious from our wondering eyes !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the highest heaven.

- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ; Hallelujah !
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Victor over death and sin
Comes the King of Glory in.
- 3 Lo ! the heaven its Lord receives ! Hallelujah !
Yet He loves the earth He leaves :
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

127

THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide ;
The King of Glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.

- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies ;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
And let Thy grace be given,
That, while we linger yet below,
Our treasure be in heaven :
- 5 That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love, may be :
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

128

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
In power and might excelling :
The grave and hell are captive led,
Lo ! He returns, our glorious Head,
To His eternal dwelling !

- 2 The heavens with joy receive their Lord,
By saints, by angel hosts adored ;
O day of exultation !
O earth ! adore thy glorious King,
His Rising, His Ascension sing,
With grateful adoration.
- 3 Our great High Priest hath gone before,
Now on His Church His grace to pour,
And still His love He giveth :
Oh may our hearts to Him ascend,
May all within us upward tend
To Him who ever liveth !

129

- G**OD is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high ;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory !
- 2 Now empty are the courts of death,
And crushed thy sting, despair ;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there !
 - 3 And He hath tamed the strength of hell,
And dragged him through the sky,
And captive behind His chariot wheel
He hath bound captivity.
 - 4 God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high ;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory !

130

HE is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angels' flight;
Through the veil of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest Place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone—and we return,
And our hearts within us burn;
Olivet no more shall greet
With welcome shout His coming feet;
Never shall we track Him more
On Gennesareth's glistening shore;
Never in that look or voice
Shall Zion's hill again rejoice.

3 He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain;
In the void which He has left,
On this earth of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

4 He is gone—we heard Him say,
“Good that I should go away.”
Gone is that dear Form and Face,
But not gone His present grace:

- Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be;
No! His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.
- 5 He is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onwards roll;
Far behind we leave the past;
Forwards are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the Truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.
- 6 He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us will He prepare:
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.
- 7 He is gone—but, not in vain,
Wait, until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere:
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

131

O YE who love the Lord,
And feel His quickening power,
Unite with one accord
His goodness to adore ;
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious name.

- 2 He left His throne above,
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died :
The pangs He bore what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell ?
- 3 He burst the grave ; He rose
Victorious from the dead ;
And thence His vanquished foes
In glorious triumph led :
Up through the heavens the Conqueror rode
Triumphant to the throne of God.
- 4 He soon again will come—
His chariot will not stay—
To take His children home
To realms of endless day :
We there shall see Him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace.

132

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above—
Both from the Father and the Son—
The God of peace and love.

- 2 Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter
In grief and all distress;
The heavenly gift of God most high,
No tongue can it express:
- 4 The fountain and the living spring
Of joy celestial;
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
And unction spiritual.
- 5 Thou in Thy gifts art manifold,
By them Christ's Church doth stand;
In faithful hearts Thou writ'st Thy law,
The finger of God's hand.
- 6 According to Thy promise, Lord,
Thou givest speech with grace,
That through Thy help God's praises may
Resound in every place.

133

O HOLY Ghost, into our minds
Send down Thy heavenly light !
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,
To serve God day and night.

- 2 Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
For, Lord, Thou know'st us frail ;
That neither Satan, world, nor flesh,
Against us may prevail.
- 3 Put back our enemy far from us,
And help us to obtain
Peace in our hearts with God and man,
The best, the truest gain.
- 4 Such measures of Thy mighty grace
Grant, Lord, to us, we pray,
That Thou may'st be our Comforter
At the last dreadful day.

134

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire !
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

- 2 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love :
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

- 3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace :
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One ;
That through the ages all along
Thy praise may wake in endless song.

135

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, come !
Let Thy bright beams arise :
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
 - 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our fears and doubts remove ;
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.
 - 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.
 - 5 Spirit of adoption Thou,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

136

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thy influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by the Saviour wrought.

3 Blest Comforter and heavenly Guide,
Still with the Church of Christ abide!
Still let our souls Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

137

CREATOR, Spirit, Lord of grace,
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And with Thy heavenly presence aid
The souls of those whom Thou hast made!

2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God Most High!
O Fount of Life! O Fire of Love!
And sweet Anointing from above!

3 Thee Lord and God Thy people own,
Who in Thy sevenfold gifts art known;
And touched by Thee our lips proclaim
All praise to God's most holy name.

- 4 Thou to our souls Thy grace impart,
And give Thy love to every heart;
Turn all our weakness into might,
O Thou the Source of life and light!
- 5 Protect us from the assailing foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow :
Upheld by Thee, our Strength and Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

138

- S**PIRIT of Truth ! on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.
 - 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.
 - 4 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.
 - 5 When tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With Faith, with Hope, with Love !

139

SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace!

2 Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
All highest Strength, all purest Love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove;

3 O give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine!

4 Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and guide aright,
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter!

140

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
Let Thy light around us shine;
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with Thy peace and love.

2 Pardon to the contrite give,
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God;
Wash us in His precious blood.

- 3 Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast;
Life and liberty impart,
Joy and peace to every heart.
- 4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in the heavenly way;
Bring us to Thy courts above,
To the fount and spring of love!

141

HOLY Spirit! from on high
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

- 2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.
- 3 Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief:
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 May we daily grow in grace,
Still pursue the heavenly race,
Trained by wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

142

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart,
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

143

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

- 2 Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay ;
A day of wrath, and not of grace ;
A dim and dreadful day.
- 3 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.
- 4 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.
- 5 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud ;
- 6 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.
- 7 It fills the Church of God, it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.
- 8 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear :
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

144

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
Holy, heavenly Love.

- 2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly Love.
- 3 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 6 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

145

LORD of life, whose words have taught us
 How to serve Thee and obey ;
 Lord of love, whose deeds have brought us
 Wondering at Thy feet to pray ;
 Fill our hearts with ample measure
 Of the Christian graces three ;
 Most of all with Thy dear treasure,
 Never-failing Charity.

- 2 Charity, that ever bindeth
 Mortal men with cords of love ;
 Charity, that still remindeth
 Earthly souls of heaven above :
 Charity, the Spirit's token
 Sinners have received of Thee :
 He whom Jesus loved hath spoken,
 God Himself is Charity.

146

LOVEST thou not? alas! to thee
 Dark is the light that beams above,
 And tuneless all heaven's melody ;
 Thou know'st not God—for God is love.

- 2 Lord, grant me love, in truth and deed,
 And not in word and easy tongue ;
 That love which feels a brother's need,
 That love which, injured, suffereth long.
- 3 Thou Lord of love, my heart prepare
 Ever Thy new command to keep ;
 Another's joy with joy to share,
 And still to weep with them that weep !

147

FATHER of heaven ! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

148

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth, and man forgiven—
Man, the well-beloved of heaven !

- 2 Hail, by all Thy works adored !
Hail, the everlasting Lord ;
All Thy glories we confess,
Infinite and numberless !

- 3 Holy Spirit, Thee we own ;
Thee, O Christ, the only Son !
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending men.
- 4 Praise the name of God Most High ;
Praise Him, a'1 below the sky ;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

149

- H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee ;
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !
- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be !
 - 3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
not see :
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity !
 - 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth
and sky and sea ;
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

150

O GOD of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

- 2 O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored ;
Be Thou by all with faith implored.
- 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.
- 5 O holy, blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee ;
In us, O God, exalted be !

151

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comfort here,
And better hopes above :
He sent His own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe :
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

- 3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honour done,
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

152

- T**HREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.
- 2 Light of lights! with morning, shine;
Lift on us Thy Light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.
- 3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.
- 4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

153

THEE, Father, God, we glorify,
Who made the earth and sea and sky,
Gave life to every living thing,
Created man their earthly king;
Then gave His Son for man to die;
Thee, Father, God, we glorify!

- 2 All glory to the Son, who came
Clothed in our flesh and mortal frame;
Who bare our sins, vouchsafed to give
Himself to die, that we might live;
All perfect God and Man in One,
Be praise to Thee, Incarnate Son!
- 3 All glory to the Holy Ghost,
Who on the Day of Pentecost
From heaven to earth in mercy came,
Descending as in tongues of flame,
The promised Comforter and Guide,
Through whom our souls are sanctified.
- 4 Three Persons, but One God! whose grace
Has formed and saves our human race,
With joyful hearts and lips to Thee
We sing this mighty mystery;
Thy Holy Name we magnify,
O Trinity in Unity!

154

- R**OUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn :
- 2 " Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
" Earth is with its fulness stored;
" Unto Thee be glory given,
" Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"
- 3 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
" Holy, holy, holy," singing,
" Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!"
- 4 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthems flow :
- 5 " Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
" Earth is with its fulness stored;
" Unto Thee be glory given,
" Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"

155

- F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
- Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

156

- T**HE strain upraise of joy and praise,
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing
Alleluia.
- 2 And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky
Alleluia.
- 3 They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell,
Alleluia.
- 4 The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join, and say
Alleluia.
- 5 Ye clouds that onward sweep!
Ye winds on pinions light!
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep!
Ye lightnings, wildly bright!
In sweet consent unite your
Alleluia.
- 6 Ye floods and ocean billows!
Ye storms and winter snow!
Ye days of cloudless beauty!
Hoar frost and summer glow!
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing
Alleluia.
- 7 First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia.

Hymns.

119

- 8 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in Creation's hymn, and cry again
Alleluia.
- 9 Here let the mountains thunder forth, sonorous,
Alleluia.
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
Alleluia.
- 10 Thou jubilant abyss of ocean cry
Alleluia.
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Alleluia.
- 11 To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid :
Alleluia.
- 12 This is the strain, the eternal strain,
The Lord Almighty loves : Alleluia.
This is the song, the heavenly song, that
Christ the King approves : Alleluia.
- 13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
awaking, Alleluia.
And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia.
- 14 Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord !
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
- 15 Praise be done to the Three in One !
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

157

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign.

- 2 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in all.

158

O THOU, whom neither time nor space
Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
Save through Thy Spirit and Thy Son!

- 2 And Thou, that from Thy bright abode,
To us in mortal weakness shown,
Didst graft the manhood into God,
Eternal, co-eternal Son!
- 3 And Thou, whose unction from on high
By comfort, light, and love is known;
Who with the parent Deity,
Dread Spirit! art for ever One!

- 4 Great First and Last! Thy blessing give!
And grant us faith, Thy gift alone,
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whate'er Thou wouldst have done!

159

- T**O God be glory, peace on earth,
Good-will to sinners shown!
We praise, we bless, we glorify,
We worship Thee alone!
- 2 We thank Thee for Thy glorious grace,
That fills our souls with light:
Lord God! the King of heaven, the God
And Father of all might!
- 3 And Thou, beloved Son of God!
That tak'st our sins away;
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind!
And hear us when we pray.
- 4 O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy, mercy on us, Lord,
Who art the Holy One!
- 5 Thou, with the Holy Ghost, O Christ,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
High in the Father's glory art
Exalted evermore!

160

JERUSALEM, my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And gates of pearl behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And all I love in Christ below
Shall join that glorious band.

4 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still longs for thee :
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

161

JERUSALEM, the holy !
Jerusalem, the blest !
From highest heaven descending
In bridal beauty drest :
Bride of the Lamb ! thy glory,
The light of God alone,
Shines through thee clear as crystal,
And like a jasper stone.

- 2 Within thee is no temple,
 No holy house of prayer ;
For the Lord God Almighty
 And the Lamb thy temple are :
No need of sun to lighten,
 No need of moon to shine ;
Thy sunshine is God's glory,
 The Lamb thy light divine.
- 3 Jerusalem, the holy !
 My spirit longs to be
Within thy walls of jasper,
 Thy gates of pearl to see ;
And through the sunless city
 To walk thy streets of gold,
And in thy moonless beauty
 God's glory to behold.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, the patience
 To labour and endure ;
Grant that these eyes may see Thee,
 Give me a heart that's pure :
Write Thine own name upon it,
 That, after earth's long strife,
My name may be found written
 In the Lamb's book of life.

- 162 **T**HERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.
- 2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell :
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit evermore !
- 3 O joy all joys beyond
To see the Lamb who died,
To see Him there enthroned,
By suffering glorified !
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done !
- 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe.
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love ;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

- W**HO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they who bore the cross,
Faithful to their Master died,
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the Crucified.
- 2 Out of great distress they came;
And their robes, by faith below,
In the blood of Christ the Lamb
They have washed as white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God doth dwell amongst His own,
God doth in His saints delight.
- 3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings passed,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.
- 4 He that on the throne doth reign
Them for evermore shall feed;
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their griefs remove,
He shall all their wants supply;
God Himself, the God of love,
Tears shall wipe from every eye.

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned by Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

LET all below in concert sing
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

- 4 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide;
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
 And land us safe in heaven!

166

WHO are these, like stars appearing,
 These, before God's throne who stand?
 Each a golden crown is wearing;
 Who are all this glorious band?
 Alleluia! hark, they sing,
 Praising loud their Heavenly King.

- 2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
 Clothed in God's own righteousness;
 These, whose robes of purest whiteness
 Shall their lustre still possess,
 Still untouched by time's rude hand?
 Whence come all this glorious band?

- 3 These are they who have contended
 For their Saviour's honour long,
 Wrestling on till life was ended,
 Following not the sinful throng:
 These, who well the fight sustained,
 Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

- 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
 Oft with woe and anguish tried,
 Who in prayer full oft have striven
 With the God they glorified:
 Now, their painful conflict o'er,
 God has bid them weep no more.

167

A LLELUIA ! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above !
Alleluia ! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love ;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Alleluia ! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky !
Alleluia ! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, the strain on high !
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Alleluia ! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn ;
Alleluia ! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn :
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see :
Alleluia !
Ours at length the strain may be.

168

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain :
His blood-red banner streams afar !
Who follows in His train ?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :—
Who follows in his train ?

5 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

6 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain !
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !

169

BY no new path, untried before,
Thy servants dost Thou lead ;
The self-same promise as of yore
Supports the self-same need.
The Faith for which Thy saints endured
The dungeon or the stake,
That very Faith, with hearts assured,
Upon our lips we take.

2 Though scattered widely left and right,
And sent to various posts,
One is the battle that we fight
Beneath One Lord of Hosts.
We know not, we shall never know,
Our fellow-labourers here :
But they that strive one strife below
Shall in one joy appear.

3 They need, O Lord, Thy special grace
That fight in this world's view ;
But in still conflict, face to face,
Is Satan vanquished too.
One is the end of them that shed
Their life-blood for Thy name,
And them that on the dying bed
Have glorified the same.

170

FROM fisher's net, from fig-tree's shade,
God gathers whom He will ;
Touched by His grace, all men are made
His purpose to fulfil.
But not alone from shady nooks
Fresh with life's noon-tide dew,
From humble walks or quiet books,
Calls He His chosen few.

- 2 Out of the busiest haunts of life,
Its most engrossing cares,
Its nightly travail, daily strife,
Self-woven golden snares,
He for His vineyard doth provide ;
His gentle voice doth move
The world's keen votaries to His side
With its persuasive love.
- 3 So Matthew left his golden gains,
At the great Master's call ;
His soul the love of Christ constrains
Freely to give up all.
The tide of life was at its flow,
Rose higher day by day ;
But he a higher life would know
Than that which round him lay.
- 4 O Saviour, when prosperity
Makes this world hard to leave,
And all its pomps and vanity
Their meshes round us weave ;
O grant us grace, that to Thy call
We may obedient be ;
And, cheerfully forsaking all,
May follow only Thee.

171

O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall our crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord! may that grace be ours,
Ever like them to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.

5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give;
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live!

172

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came,
And bore the cross, and scorned the shame:
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore ;
The tear is wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace :
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
And thus the loud Hosanna raise :
- 5 " Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
" Through endless years to live and reign !
" Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
" And made us kings and priests to God !"

173

- A**ROUND the throne of God a band
Of bright and glorious angels stand :
Sweet harps within their hands they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.
- 2 Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will ;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.
 - 3 Lord, give Thy angels every day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.
 - 4 So shall no wicked thing draw near,
To do us harm, or cause us fear ;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last.

174

O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known :
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace,
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born Child
In human flesh arrayed ;
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid :
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For His dear birth,
Proclaimed aloud.

3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoiled ;
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled :
And joyed to crown
The Victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before His frown.

- 4 Around the bloody tree
Ye pressed with strong desire ;
That wondrous sight to see—
The Lord of life expire ;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropt it there
In sad surprise.
- 5 Around His sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep ;
Till the blest moment come
To rouse Him from His sleep ;
Then rolled the stone,
And all adored
Your rising Lord
With joy unknown.
- 6 When all arrayed in light
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hailed His rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God ;
And waved around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

175

THEY come, God's Messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

- 2 They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear:
They come to speed us on our way;
God willeth them with us to stay.
- 3 But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis theirs the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the willing heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."
- 4 Blest Jesus, Thou Whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed
Thou didst not scorn Thine angels' aid.
- 5 To us the zeal of angels give
With love to serve Thee, while we live:
To us an angel guard supply
When on the bed of death we lie.
- 6 So when the toils of earth are past,
We may attain to bliss at last,
And with the choirs of angels sing
Glory to the eternal King.

176

LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee ?
A boon of love divine we seek :
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,
Thy children pray for grace that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

2 Lord, shall we come ? and come again ?
Oft as we see yon table spread,
And—tokens of Thy dying pain—
The wine poured out, the broken bread,
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

3 Lord, shall we come ? not thus alone,
At holy time, in solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to Thy throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be ?

4 Lord, shall we come ? come yet again ?
Thy children ask one blessing more—
To come, not now alone, but then,
When life and death and time are o'er,
The children of Thy grace, to be
Confessed as Thine and dwell with Thee.

177

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And set thee down on high ;

5 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own ;
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown !

178

SPIRIT of might and sweetness too !
Now leading on the wars of God,
Now to green isles of shade and dew
Turning the waste Thy people trod ;

2 Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil
Between us and the fires of youth ;
Breathe, Holy Ghost, Thy freshening gale,
Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

- 3 And oft as sin and sorrow tire,
The hallowed hour do Thou renew,
When, beckoned up the awful choir
By pastoral hands, toward Thee we drew ;
- 4 When trembling at the sacred rail
We hid our eyes and held our breath,
Felt Thee how strong, our hearts how frail,
And longed to own Thee to the death.
- 5 For ever on our souls be traced
That blessing dear, that dove-like hand,
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'er-shadowing all the weary land.

179

- S**OLDIERS of Christ ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power—
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
 - 3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :
 - 4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Yet may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

180

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad,
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye—
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede—
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 5 Onward then in battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

181

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;
Cast thy dreams of ease away:
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

- 2 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day:
Near thee lurks the evil one:
Watch and pray.

- 3 Hear the warriors who o'ercame,
 Marching on their heavenward way,
 Still with warning voice exclaim :
 Watch and pray.
- 4 First and chiefest, hear thy Lord,
 Him thou lovest to obey ;
 Hide within thy heart His word :
 Watch and pray.
- 5 Watch, as if on thee alone
 Hung the issue of the day ;
 Pray, and all thy weakness own :
 Watch and pray.

182

- W**ITNESS, ye men and angels, now
 Before the Lord we speak ;
To Him we make a solemn vow—
 A vow we dare not break—
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
 Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
 Nor ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
 But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
 Will all our need supply.
- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
 And keep us in Thy ways ;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
 Turn Thou our prayers to praise !

183

BEFORE Thine awful presence, Lord,
Thy sinful servants bow ;
Trembling to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.

2 The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed, and word, and thought,
Lord, we renounce once more.

3 Once more we vow the holy faith
To keep unstained and true ;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy holy will to do.

4 Again we gird us to the fight,
Again we face the foe,
Resolved, beneath Thy banner bright,
Where Thou shalt lead to go.

5 O Father, pardon all the past,
Give back Thy wasted grace ;
Strengthen us all, while life shall last,
To run the heavenward race.

6 Still let Thy blessed Spirit's aid
Our strength and comfort be :
Then, though we sometime be afraid,
We still will trust in Thee.

184

LORD, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this dreary wilderness :
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

- 2 There are stony ways to tread ;
Give the strength we sorely lack :
There are tangled paths to thread ;
Light us, lest we miss the track :
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 3 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest :
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

185

- THE highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
Oh ! for a heart that never sins !
Oh ! for a soul washed white !
Oh ! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night !
- 2 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher :
But *there* are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh ! by Thy love and anguish, Lord !
Oh ! by Thy life laid down !
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown !

186

STRIVE, when thou art called of God,
When He draws thee by His grace,
Strive to cast away the load
That would clog thee in the race!

- 2 Fight, though it may cost thy life,
Storm the kingdom, but prevail;
Let not Satan's fiercest strife
Make thee, warrior, faint or quail.
- 3 Wrestle, with strong prayers and cries,
Think no time too much to spend,
Though the night be passed in sighs,
Though all day thy voice ascend.
- 4 Art thou faithful? then oppose
Sin and wrong with all thy might;
Care not how the tempest blows,
Only care to win the fight.
- 5 Art thou faithful? wake and watch,
Love with all thy heart Christ's ways;
Seek not transient ease to snatch,
Look not for reward or praise.
- 6 Soldiers of the Cross, be strong,
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
Daily conquering woe and wrong,
Till our King o'er earth shall reign.

187

O GOD of truth, whose living Word
Upholds whate'er has breath,
Look down on Thy created sons
Enslaved by sin and death.
Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

2 And would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the faithful and the true,
In raiment clean and white?
How can we fight for truth and God,
Enthralled to lies and sin?
He who would wage such war on earth
Must first be true within.

3 O God of truth, for whom we long,
O Thou that hearest prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.
So, tried in Thy refining fire,
From every lie set free,
In us Thy perfect truth shall dwell,
And we may fight for Thee.

188

- G**O, labour on : spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will :
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?
- 2 Go, labour on : though poor thy lot,
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain :
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises : what are men ?
- 3 Go, labour on : thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down :
Yet falter not ; the prize we seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.
- 4 Go, labour on, while it is day ;
The world's dark night is hastening on :
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb :
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 6 Toil on and faint not, watch and pray :
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For work comes rest, for exile home :
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, " Behold, I come ! "

189

- S**OLDIERS of the Cross, arise !
Gird you with your armour bright :
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.
- 2 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.
- 3 Where the shadows deepest lie
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;
Where are crimes of blackest die,
There the saving sign display.
- 4 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.
- 5 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort troubles, banish grief ;
With the shield of faith arrayed
Quench the darts of unbelief.
- 6 Be the banner still unfurled,
Bravely wield the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

190

O THOU, who didst at Pentecost
Send down from heaven the Holy Ghost,
That He might with Thy Church abide
For ever, to defend and guide ;
Illuminate Thy servants, Lord,
The preachers of Thy holy word.

2 O may Thy pastors faithful be ;
Not labouring for themselves, but Thee :
Give grace to feed with wholesome food
Whom Thou hast purchased by Thy blood,
Thy sheep and lambs ; and thus to prove
How dearly they the Shepherd love.

3 That which Thy holy Scriptures teach,
That, and that only, may they preach ;
May they the true Foundation lay,
Build gold thereon, not wood or hay ;
And meekly preach, in days of strife,
The sermon of a holy life.

191

L ORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,
And Thine ordained servants bless :
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

- 3 Wisdom and zeal and love impart,
Firmness and meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs and tend Thy sheep.
- 5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine!

192

- L**ORD of Hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blessed,
May the dead be laid to rest.
 - 3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy, sure
While the sun and moon endure.
 - 4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end!

- 193 **L**ORD! whose temple once did glisten
With a monarch's rich supplies,
To our humbler praises listen,
Bless our willing sacrifice!
Be our freewill offering, given
To the Father and the Son,
Sweeter in the sight of Heaven
Than the scents of Lebanon!
- 2 Clouds and darkness veiled Thy dwelling
In Thy chosen house of old,
Though the hymn of praise was swelling
'Mid the pomp of Ophir's gold:
Here, Thy love our hearts shall brighten—
Hence, ye earth-born clouds, away!
Here Thy Spirit shall enlighten,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 3 Hither, on Thy holy morning,
Guide us on our church-way path:
Here, O Lord, in life's first dawning,
Sprinkle every child of wrath:
Here, around Thy table bending,
Feed us with the living bread:
Here, to wait their Lord's descending,
Hallowed earth, receive the dead!
- 4 When our Israel's sore transgression
Stops the windows of the sky;
When we sink beneath oppression,
When we see our thousands die—
Father, when we here adore Thee,
In Thy house our prayer receive;
When we spread our hands before Thee,
Here behold us, and forgive!

194

THOU inevitable Day,
When a Voice to me shall say,
"Thou must rise and come away ;

- 2 " All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee, and make ready fast,
For thy longest and thy last."
- 3 Day, deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright ?
- 4 Art thou distant ? art thou near ?
Will thy dawn be dark or clear ?
Fraught with more of hope or fear ?
- 5 Wilt thou come, not seen before,
That art standing at the door,
Saying, " Light and life are o'er ?"
- 6 Or with such a gradual pace,
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face ?
- 7 Little recks it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow.
- 8 Come thou must, and we must die ;
Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals mine eye.

195

LORD Jesus Christ, true Man, true God,
Who hast alone the winepress trod,
And died at last upon the tree,
That man Thy Father's face should see ;
We pray Thee through that bitter woe,
To us Thy wondrous mercy show.

2 When comes the hour of failing breath,
And we must wrestle, Lord, with death,
When all our mind is darkened o'er,
And human help can do no more,
Then come, Lord Jesus, come with speed,
And help us in our hour of need.

3 Dear Lord, forgive us all our guilt ;
Help us to wait until Thou wilt
That we depart ; and let our faith
Be brave and conquer even in death,
Firm resting on Thy sacred word,
Until we sleep in Thee, O Lord.

196

CHRIST will gather in His own,
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

2 Day by day the Voice saith, " Come,
Enter thine eternal home ;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear friend it summons there.

- 3 Had He asked us, well we know
We should cry, "O spare this blow!"
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love him, let him stay."
- 4 But the Lord doth nought amiss;
And, since He hath ordered this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on His will.
- 5 Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too inly dear:
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

197

- D**ARK River of Death, that art flowing
Between the bright city and me;
Thou boundest the path I am going—
O how shall I pass over thee?
- 2 When the cold stormy waters rise o'er me,
And earth disappears from my sight;
When the cloud rises thickly before me,
And veils all my spirit in night;
 - 3 O Death, thou last portion of sorrow,
The prospect of heaven is bright;
And fair is the dawn of the morrow—
But stormy and dreadful thy night!
 - 4 O Thou who hast broken his power,
Death's Conqueror, Saviour of men!
Be with me in that solemn hour,
O grant me deliverance then!

- T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear ;
Do Thou our souls prepare
For that tremendous day ;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :
- 2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.
- 3 To chasten earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears ;
The solemn midnight cry—
Ye dead, the Judge is come !
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And hear your instant doom !
- 4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to His word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest !

199

EARTH to earth, and dust to dust—
Lord, we own the sentence just :
Head, and tongue, and hand, and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part :
Righteous is the common doom,
All must slumber in the tomb.

- 2 Like the seed in spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in autumn strown,
Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die :
Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,
Soon he bears us all away.
- 3 Yet the seed upraised again
Clothes with green the smiling plain ;
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove :
And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost for ever, when we die ?
- 4 Lord, from nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the Gospel's light :
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all Thy people save :
Ransomed by Thy blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust.

200

WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the further shore ;
There's an end of war for ever—
We shall see our foes no more :
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.

- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant :
O how sweet the prospect is !
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this :
Toil and pain and conflict past
All endear repose at last.
- 3 O that hope ! how bright ! how glorious !
'Tis His people's blest reward :
In the Saviour's strength victorious
They at length behold their Lord :
In His kingdom they shall rest,
In His love be fully blest.

201

TIS sweet to rest in lively hope
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

- 2 There shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold Him and adore ;
Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more :

- 3 Shall see Him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt has lain ;
His love intense, His merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.
- 4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound ;
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At His right hand be found.
- 5 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesu's presence know !

202

ALL, all is vanity below ;
An airy dream, an empty show :
What sinners value, I resign :
Lord, 'tis enough that I am Thine.

- 2 All, all is vanity below !
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere—
When shall I wake, and find Thee there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred passions of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's solemn sound ;
Then burst the chains with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

203

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not
deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb :

Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before
thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide through
the gloom !

2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold
thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
side ;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
thee,

And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died !

3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion
forsaking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;

But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy
waking,

And the sound which thou heard'st was the
Seraphim's song !

4 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not
deplore thee,

Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and
guide :

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore
thee ;

And death has no sting, for the Saviour has
died !

204

THE feeble pulse, the gasping breath,
The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,
Are these thy sting, thou dreadful death?
O grave, are these thy victory?

2 The mourners by our parting bed,
The wife, the children weeping nigh,
The dismal pageant of the dead,—
These, these are not thy victory!

3 But from the much-loved world to part,
Our lust untamed, our spirit high,
All nature struggling at the heart,
Which, dying, feels it dare not die!

4 To dream through life a gaudy dream
Of pride and pomp and luxury,
Till wakened by the nearer gleam
Of burning boundless agony;

5 To meet o'er-soon our angry King,
Whose love we passed unheeded by;
Lo this, O death, thy deadliest sting!
O grave, and this thy victory!

6 O Searcher of the secret heart,
Who deigned for sinful man to die!
Restore us ere the spirit part,
Nor give to hell the victory!

205

DEATHLESS principle, arise!
 Soar, thou native of the skies!
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To His glorious likeness wrought,
 Go, to shine before His throne—
 Deck His mediatorial crown :
 Go, His triumphs to adorn—
 Made for God, to God return.

2 Lo, He beckons from on high :
 Fearless to His presence fly—
 Thine the merit of His blood,
 Thine the righteousness of God :
 Angels, joyful to attend,
 Hovering round thy pillow bend ;
 Wait to catch the signal given,
 And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Shudder not to pass the stream ;
 Venture all thy care on Him—
 Him whose dying love and power
 Stayed its tossing, hushed its roar :
 Safe is the expanded wave,
 Gentle as a summer's eve :
 Not one object of His care
 Ever suffered shipwreck there.

206

LET reason vainly boast her power
 To teach her children how to die :
 The sinner in a dying hour
 Needs more than reason can supply :
 A view of Christ, the sinner's Friend,
 Alone can cheer him in his end.

- 2 When nature sinks beneath disease,
 And every earthly hope is fled ;
 What then can give the sinner ease,
 And make him love a dying bed ?
 Jesus, Thy smile his heart can cheer ;
 He's blest even then, if Thou art near.
- 3 O let me die the death of those
 Whom Jesus washes in His blood ;
 Who on His faithfulness repose,
 And know that He indeed is God !
 " O death, where is thy sting ?" they cry ;
 " O grave, where is thy victory ?"

207

- H**APPY soul ! thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below :
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go !
 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
 Lo, the Saviour stands above,
 Shews the purchase of His merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love !
- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To His uttermost salvation,
 To His everlasting rest !
 For the joy He sets before thee
 Bear a momentary pain ;
 Die, to live the life of glory ;
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign !

208

O WEEP not, mourn not o'er this bier,
Such death as this hath nought for fear;
He died as dies a Christian man,
And with his death true life began.

- 2 Coffin and grave we deck with care,
His body reverently we bear;
It is not dead, but rests in God,
And softly sleeps beneath the sod.
- 3 It seems as all were over now,
The heavy limbs, the soulless brow:
Yet through these rigid limbs once more
A nobler life, ere long, shall pour.
- 4 God breathed into this house of clay
The spirit that hath passed away;
Christ gave the true courageous mind,
The noble heart, ye no more find.
- 5 Now earth has hid it from our eyes
Till God shall bid it wake and rise,
Who ne'er the creature will forget
On whom His image He hath set.
- 6 Ah! would that promised day were come,
When Christ shall take us to our home:
Then shall He call, nor one be lost,
From earth and sea His buried host.

209

- B**RIEF life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is *there*.
- 2 O happy retribution—
 Short toil, eternal rest!
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest !
- 3 Midst power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom free from bound,
 The Beatific Vision
 Shall glad the saints around ;
- 4 And peace, for war is needless ;
 And rest, for storm is past ;
 And goal from finished labour,
 An anchorage at last.
- 5 There God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace
 Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face !

210

- J**ESUS died for us and rose again :
 Therefore are our hopes no longer dim ;
 Therefore know we that to die is gain,
 For we sleep in Him.
- 2 Therefore father, mother, sister, brother,
 Still are ours, for all are still the Lord's :
 Wherefore let us comfort one another
 With these blessed words.

211

- E**TERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren's shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go :
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

212

Psalm XLVI.

GOD, our Hope and Strength abiding,
Soothes our dread, exceeding nigh :
Fear we not the world subsiding,
Roots of mountains heaving high,
Darkly heaving,
Where in Ocean's heart they lie.

- 2 Let them roar, his awful surges ;—
Let them boil—each dark-brow'd hill
Tremble, where the proud wave urges :
Here is yet one quiet rill ;
Her calm waters,
Sion's joy, flow clear and still :
- 3 Joy of God's abode, the station
Where th' Eternal fixed His tent :—
God is there a strong salvation ;
On her place she towers unbent :
God will aid her
Ere the stars of Morn be spent.
- 4 Heathens rage, dominions tremble,
God spake out, earth melts away :
God is where our hosts assemble,
Jacob's God, our Rock and Stay :
Come, behold Him
O'er the wide earth wars allay.
- 5 Come, behold God's work of wonder,
Scaring, wasting earth below ;
How He knapped the spear in sunder,
How He brake the warrior's bow :
Wild war-chariots
Burn before Him, quenched as tow.
- 6 " Silence—for th' Almighty know me ;
" O'er the heathen throned am I,
" Throned where earth must crouch below me"—
Lord of hosts ! we know Thee nigh :
God of Jacob,
Thou art still our Rock on high !

- G**OD is King; the nations quiver;
 Cherub-throned; the wide earth cowers:
 God in Sion, great for ever,
 High o'er mortal thrones and towers;
 High and dreadful
 Own ye this great Lord of ours.
- 2 They have owned Thy Name—'tis Holy,
 Might of our all-glorious King:
 Thou hast loved to right the lowly,
 Equity on high to bring:
 Truth and pureness,
 At Thy word, in Israel spring.
- 3 Praise the Lord our God, and lowly
 At the footstool of His feet
 Fall ye down, for He is Holy:—
 Who to call on God are meet?
 Whose deep sighing
 Will His answering mercy greet?
- 4 From His pillared cloud of brightness
 Gently speaks He when we weep,
 If in truth and heart's uprightness
 We His love and law will keep.
 God our Saviour!
 Thy kind answer will not sleep.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
 while at Thy feet we fall, [call:
 And humbly, with united cry, to Thee for mercy
 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine—O turn us
 not away, [when we pray.
 But hear us from Thy lofty throne, and help us

- 2 Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no less
we own ;
Yet wondrously from age to age Thy goodness
hath been shown :
When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our
country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, and help
in Thee was found.
- 3 With one consent, we meekly bow beneath Thy
chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn with
our mourning land : [our prayer,
With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we lift
"Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord! then let
Thy mercy spare."

215

- O** GOD, that madest earth and sky, the
darkness and the day, [pray!
Give ear to this Thy family, and help us when we
For wide the waves of bitterness around our
vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the
rocky shore!
- 2 The cross our Master bore for us, for Him we fain
would bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns, and courage
to despair!
Then mercy on our failings, Lord! our sinking
faith renew!
And when Thy sorrows visit us, O send Thy
patience too!

216

Psalm LXXXV.

LORD, Thine heart in love hath yearned
On Thy lost and fallen land :
Israel's face is homeward turned,
Thou hast freed Thy captive band :
Thou hast borne Thy people's sin,
Covered all their deeds of ill ;
All Thy wrath is gathered in,
And Thy burning anger still.

2 Turn us, stay us, now once more,
God of all our health and peace !
Let Thy cloud of wrath fleet o'er,
From Thine own Thine anger cease.
Art Thou not a God to turn,
Turn, and be our life again,
That Thy people's heart may burn
With the gladness of Thy reign ?

3 Show us now Thy tender love,
Thy salvation, Lord, impart !
I the voice divine would prove,
Listening in my silent heart ;
Listening what the Lord will say :—
Peace, to all that own His will ;
To His saints that love His way,
Peace, and turn no more to ill !

- 217 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone !
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! O Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name !
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole !
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !

218

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze !
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze,
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth !

- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness !
Rise and shine, Thy blessings bring :
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in Thy wing !
To Thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before Him,
Serve the living God alone :
Let Thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word ! at Thy command
Let the company of preachers
Spread Thy name from land to land :
Lord ! be with them
Alway, to the end of time.

219

- S**OULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through—
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew—
Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue.
- 2 Christians, hearken! None has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear:
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.
- 3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.
- 4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten—
Light of nations! lead us o'er:
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.

220

FATHER, if that gracious name
Thou permit our souls to claim,
Hear us plead for those who stray,
Wanderers from the heavenly way,
Unrepentant, unforgiven,
Strangers yet to Thee and heaven :
Near them yawns the opening grave—
Save them, ere they perish, save !

2 Wanderers once ourselves as they,
Bound like them in Satan's sway,
Pardoned sinners, can our eye
See unmoved our brethren die ?
Lord, Thy grace our hearts could melt ;
Let that grace by them be felt !
Breathe on them that quickening breath
Which has waked our souls from death !

3 Thou ! Omnipotent to save,
Great High-Priest, Thine aid we crave !
By Thy blood's transcendant price,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,
Thou whose dying breath implored
Grace for those who slew their Lord—
O repeat that prayer again,
Thou who canst not plead in vain !

221

- S**PREAD, O spread, thou mighty Word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings born for Heaven.
- 2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still,
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.
- 3 Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who for ever doth remove,
By His holy sacrifice,
All the guilt that on us lies.
- 4 Tell them of the Spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.
- 5 Word of Life! most pure and strong,
Lo! for Thee the nations long:
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.
- 6 Up, the ripening fields ye see:
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.
- 7 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee,
Till the nations far and near
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

222 **T**HOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And, where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light !

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind—
O now to all mankind
Let there be light !

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight !
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light !

223

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
The seasons knew Thy call ;
Thou mad'st the summer suns to shine,
The summer dewes to fall.
- 4 The Hand unseen that works above
Matured the swelling grain ;
And now the harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 O ne'er may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook Thy bounteous care ;
But what our Father's hand imparts
Still own in praise and prayer !

224

- O** HAND of bounty, largely spread,
By whom our every want is fed,
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, O Lord ! to Thee :
The corn, the oil, the purple wine,
Are all Thy gifts, and only Thine !
- 2 The stream Thy word to nectar dyed,
The bread Thy blessing multiplied,
The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
That silent at Thy mandate stood,
How well they knew Thy voice divine,
Whose works they were, and only Thine !
- 3 Though now no more on earth we trace
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,
Obedient to Thy word and will
We seek Thy daily mercy still ;
Its blessed beams around us shine,
And Thine we are, and only Thine !

225

O GRACIOUS Hand, that freely gives
The fruits of earth, our toil to bless !
O love, by which the sinner lives !
O let our tongues that love confess !

2 Our God for all our need provides,
His sun o'er all alike doth shine ;
From none his glorious beams he hides :
So wills the Father's love divine.

3 Again His love our garner fills,
This love again let all adore :
The cry of want His bounty stills,
Who biddeth all His name implore.

4 O may our lives through grace abound
In fruits of holiness and love :
Let all His courts with praise resound,
To echo angels' praise above !

5 O Lord ! when Thou shalt come from heaven,
Thy ripened harvest here to reap,
In that bless'd day Thy joy be given
To those who now go forth to weep !

226

SAVIOUR ! upon Thy glorious throne
Exalted Thou dost shine :
What can we render unto Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine ?

2 But Thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

- 3 In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered ;
And in their accents of distress
The Saviour's voice is heard.
- 4 Thyself, with gratitude and love,
We in Thy poor would see :
O let us joyfully return
What we receive from Thee !

227

- A** NOTHER year, another year
Hath sped its flight on silent wing,
And all that marked its brief career
Hath passed from mortal reckoning.
- 2 For all Thy grace and patient love,
Exhaustless still, and still the same,
For all our hopes of joy above,
We laud and bless Thy Holy Name.
 - 3 We bless Thee for each happy soul,
Throughout another fleeting year,
Or by Thy quickening grace made whole,
Or parted in Thy faith and fear.
 - 4 Still bear with us, and bless us still !
And, while in this dark world we stay,
O let us love Thy holy will !
O let us keep Thy narrow way !
 - 5 So, when the rolling stream of time
Hath opened to a boundless sea,
Loud will we raise that song sublime,
All honour, glory, power to Thee !

228

O GOD of Israel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

229 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the skies !

Ever gracious, ever wise !
All my times are in Thy hand—
All events at Thy command.

2 He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb :
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.

- 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief ;
Times of triumph and relief ;
- 4 Times the tempter's power to prove ;
Times to taste a Saviour's love ;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 5 Plagues and deaths around me fly ;
Till He bids, I cannot die :
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

230

- G**OD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the silent hours of night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy heartfelt praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
 - 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And voice and pulse and language fail,
Joy through my streaming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
 - 4 But O ! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the chorus of the skies !

Psalm xc.

O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!

- 2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They pass forgotten, as a dream
Flies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
And our eternal Home!

232

Psalm ciii.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name
Is such as tender parents feel—
He knows our feeble frame.

4 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure :
And children's children ever find
The word of promise sure.

233

HOW long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me :
Deaf to His warning voice I ran,
I would not hear nor see.

2 He called me when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill :
I passed from folly on to crime ;
And yet He called me still.

3 He called me in the time of dread,
When death was full in view :
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

4 Yet could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

5 O Thou ! that every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer,
O give me sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair.

6 My struggling will by grace control !
Renew my broken vow !
What blessed light breaks on my soul ?
My God ! I hear Thee now !

234

MAKE haste, my soul, to live ;
Soon comes the hour to die :
Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
How swift its moments fly !

2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live.

3 Make haste, my soul, to do
Whatever must be done :
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth ;
Thy day will soon be gone.

4 Up then with speed, and work ;
Fling ease and self away :
This is no time for thee to sleep ;
Up, watch and work and pray !

5 The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies,
The silent toil that is not lost,—
Set these before thine eyes.

6 Make haste, my soul, to live ;
Thy time is almost o'er :
Oh, sleep not, dream not, but arise !
The Judge is at the door !

235

LORD, behold us with Thy blessing,
Once again assembled here !
Onward be our footsteps pressing,
In Thy love, and faith, and fear !
Still protect us
By Thy presence ever near !

- 2 For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way :
Lord, again we bow before Thee ;
Speed our labours day by day !
Mind and spirit
With Thy choicest gifts array !
- 3 Keep the spell of home-affection
Still alive in every heart !
May its power, with mild direction,
Draw our love from self apart ;
Till Thy children
Feel that Thou their Father art !
- 4 Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,
Safe in every careless hour,
Safe from sloth and sensual snare :
'Thou, our Saviour,
Still our failing strength repair !

236

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing ;
Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon all, their faults confessing,
Time that's lost may all retrieve :
May Thy children
Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve !

2 Bless Thou all our days of leisure ;
Help us selfish lures to flee ;
Sanctify our every pleasure,
Pure and blameless may it be :
May our gladness
Draw us evermore to Thee !

3 By Thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gained ;
May all taint of evil perish,
By Thy mightier power restrained :
Seek we ever
Knowledge pure and love unfeigned !

4 Let Thy father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more ;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store :
Those returning
Make more faithful than before !

237

FATHER, hear Thy children's praises
For the boon we own to-day ;
Grateful love our hearts upraises,
This our sacrifice to pay :

- 2 Thanks for all Thy mercies given—
Stores of knowledge here unrolled,
Means of grace and hopes of heaven—
Unto us, Thy chosen fold !
- 3 Lord, Thy servants' spirits turning,
Mould them by Thy gracious sway :
Godliness and all good learning
May we follow, day by day !
- 4 May we, these Thy bounties sharing,
Every talent use aright,
Still by earthly lore preparing,
Till our faith be turned to sight :
- 5 Till, undimmed by dark reflection,
Face to face shall Christ be shown ;
Knowledge rise to full perfection—
Knowing e'en as we are known.

238

MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad ;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

- 2 Through all the winding maze of life
His hand hath been my guide ;
And in that long-experienced care
My heart shall still confide.

- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream :
That grace on Zion's sacred mount
Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul shall there adore ;
A pillar in Thy temple fixed,
Which goeth out no more.

239

- O** WISDOM, whose unfading power
Beside the Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood :
- 2 Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear ;
To bless Thy mother with a smile,
And lisp Thy faltered prayer.
- 3 But in Thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.
- 4 So may our youth adore Thy name !
And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness !

240

WHO shall ascend to the holy place,
And stand on the holy hill?
Who shall the boundless realms of space
With shouts of rapture thrill?
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

2 The servants of the Lord are they,
The pure in heart and hand,
For whom the eternal bars give way,
The eternal gates expand!
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

3 Not to the noble, not to the strong,
To the wealthy, or the wise,
Is given a part in that angel-song,
That music of the skies.
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth

4 But those who in humble and holy fear,
With childlike faith and love,
Have served the Lord as their Master here,
Shall praise their Lord above.
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

- 5 And chiefly those who in youth to Him
Their morn of life have given,
With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And all the host of heaven—
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !
- 6 Shall stand in robes of purest white,
And to the Lamb shall raise
The song that rests not day or night,
The eternity of praise !
Hallelujah !
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

241

- L**ORD, not for store of worldly wealth,
Nor worldly fame, we pray ;
Nor worldly joys, which brightly bloom,
And quickly fade away.
- 2 Not to the world, nor to ourselves,
But to Thy holy eyes
We look ; O give us godly fear,
O make us meekly wise.
- 3 True Wisdom, while it gives, receives ;
By scattering gets increase ;
And all her ways are pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
- 4 Honour and wealth are in her hand ;
True glory she bestows :
A holy stream of life and joy
From her pure well-spring flows.

242

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God !

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage !

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine !
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine ;

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own !

243

“ **A**SK, and ye surely shall receive ;”
Yea, Lord, we trust Thy word :
We lift our voice, and we believe
That we are surely heard.

2 We ask not anything that earth
Can give or take away :
Thou who hast kept us from our birth
Wilt guard us day by day.

3 We ask for light, and love, and strength
All selfish snares to shun :
We ask that we may ask at length,
“ Thy will, not ours, be done !”

4 We ask that to each separate heart
Of all our brethren here
Thy one best gift Thou wouldst impart,
The wisdom of Thy fear.

5 May young and old conspire to prize,
And labour to secure,
Whatever things are true, and wise,
Noble, and just, and pure.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray !

- W**ORK, for it is a noble thing,
With worthy ends in view,
To tread the path that God ordains,
With steadfast heart, and true,
That will not quail whate'er betide,
But bravely bear us through.
- 2 It recks not what the place may be
That we are called to fill,
How much there is of seeming good,
How much of seeming ill;
'Tis ours to lend the energies
And consecrate the will.
- 3 Work, and with cheerful, earnest hearts,
Your bravest and your best;
For in a busy world like ours
There is no place of rest:
And think not they, who vainly dream
Their lives away, are blest.
- 4 For in each weary, painful task
A lesson is inwrought,
If we would read the truth aright
And let ourselves be taught
Patience, and faith, and fortitude,
And fixedness of thought.
- 5 Work with the head and heart and hands,
And ever bear in mind
That there are sorrows here to soothe,
And spirits bruised to bind,
And cords of love in closer bond
Round human hearts to wind.

- 6 'Tis true the flesh will oftentimes fail
 When life is dim and drear :
 Then closer cling to Him whose voice
 Can still each doubt and fear,
 And shed on these dark hearts of ours
 Heaven's sunshine calm and clear.

245 *Psalm LXXXIV.*

- H**OW pleasant, Lord of hosts ! how dear
 The tents of Thine abode !
 My longing soul faints to be near
 The courts of mine own God.
- 2 O blest, who dwell around Thy shrine,
 With ever-growing praise ;
 Blest are the men whose strength is Thine,
 Who bear in heart Thy ways :
- 3 Who, as they pass the vale of pain,
 Make it a gushing rill ;
 Yea, blessings with th' autumnal rain
 Come mantling, soft and still.
- 4 They will go on from strength to strength ;
 Each to the mighty God
 In Sion they appear at length,
 O'erpast their weary road.
- 5 Power of all armies, God our Lord,
 My prayer in mercy crown !
 Thou, Jacob's God, Thine ear afford,
 O God, our Shield, look down !

246

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find :
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
Be Thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there !

247

EYE of God's word ! where'er we turn
Ever upon us ! thy keen gaze
Can all the depths of sin discern,
Unravel every bosom's maze.

2 Who that has felt thy glance of dread
Thrill through his heart's remotest cells,
About his path, about his bed,
Can doubt what spirit in thee dwells ?

- 3 The child-like faith, that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves, aright—
Shall see things greater, things divine.
- 4 Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And brightest angels to and fro
On messages of love shall glide
'Twixt God above and Christ below.
- 5 So still the guileless man is blest,
To him all crooked paths are straight;
Him on his way to endless rest
Fresh ever-growing strengths await.

248

- F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
 - 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!
 - 4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

249

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

- 2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.
- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around His seat,
Perform their courses still.
- 6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But, where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.
- 7 One Name above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

- 8 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
 Thy boundless power display :
 But in the gentler breeze we find
 Thy Spirit's viewless way.
- 9 Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the sea and sky.
- 10 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee,
 And read Thee everywhere.

250

- I** PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
 With garlands gay of various green ;
 I praised the sea, whose ample field
 Shone glorious as a silver shield :
 And earth and ocean seemed to say,
 Our beauties are but for a day.
- 2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
 On wheels of amber and of gold ;
 I praised the moon, whose softer eye
 Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;
 And moon and sun in answer said,
 Our days of light are numbered.
- 3 O God ! O Good beyond compare !
 If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
 If thus Thy bounties gild the span
 Of ruined earth and sinful man,
 How glorious must the mansion be
 Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

251

LORD of earth ! Thy forming hand
Well this glorious frame hath planned ;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in its power ;
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought ;
Friendship, gem transcending price,
Love, a flower from Paradise :
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I on earth but Thee ?

2 Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light :
There in love's unbounded reign
Parted hands shall meet again ;
Martyrs there and prophets high
Blaze a glorious company ;
While immortal music rings
From ten thousand seraph strings :
O that scene is passing fair—
Yet, shouldst Thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?

3 Lord of earth and heaven ! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest :
I was lost ; Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child :
I was blind ; Thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away.

Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O should once Thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine—
What were earth or heaven to me?
What have I in each but Thee?

252 **L**ORD, when we Creation scan,
What Thy power has done for man;
Then our conscious tongues agree
How much man must owe to Thee.

2 Every note that cheers the vale,
Every sweet that scents the gale,
Every blooming flower we see,
Tells that joy we owe to Thee.

3 Every breath that heaves the breast,
Every sound by voice expressed,
Every thought the mind sets free,
Tells that life we owe to Thee.

4 But, when we Redemption view,
Gaze on all Thy love can do,
Lord, our grateful hearts agree,
How much more we owe to Thee.

5 When we think what we have been,
Sunk in sorrow, lost in sin;
Now from sin and sorrow free,
More than joy we owe to Thee.

6 When we hear our Master say,
"Death is vanquished, come away;"
Then it is that we must see,
More than life we owe to Thee.

253

- W**ORSHIP the King all glorious above ;
O gratefully sing His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned with splendour and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 This earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast like a mantle the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender, how sure to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

254

- O**UR Father sits on yonder throne,
Amidst the hosts above :
He reigns throughout the world alone,
He reigns the God of love.
- 2 He knew us when we knew Him not ;
Was with us though unseen ;
His favours came to us unsought ;
His love has wondrous been.

- 3 He keeps us now, securely keeps,
Whatever foe assails,
With vigilance that never sleeps,
With power that never fails.
- 4 He gives us hope that we shall be
Ere long with Him above ;
That we shall there His glory see,
And celebrate His love.
- 5 Then let us, while we dwell below,
Obey our Father's voice ;
To all His will with meekness bow,
And in His name rejoice.

255

THE Lord who died on earth for men
Now fills His Father's throne ;
He loves us as He loved us then,
And watches o'er His own.

- 2 For them He offers daily prayer,
And all His prayers are heard ;
He tends them with unceasing care,
And feeds them from His word.
- 3 Their every wish, and want, and woe,
To Him are fully known ;
They share His trials here below,
And soon shall share His throne.
- 4 He guards and blesses them from high,
While they are toiling here :
With such a Friend above the sky,
What have His flock to fear ?

256

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
And He that doth me feed :
While He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want or need ?

- 2 He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest ;
Then to the streams that gently pass—
In both I have the best.
- 3 Or, if I stray, He doth convert
And bring my mind in frame ;
And all this not for my desert,
But for His holy name.
- 4 Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk nor fear ;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.
- 5 Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days ;
And, as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

257

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 In sickness, Lord, how oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
How oft, in sins and sorrows sunk,
Hast raised my soul with grace !
- 5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

258

- H**OW happy is the Christian's state !
His sins are all forgiven ;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.
- 2 Though in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh ;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Delivering grace is nigh.
 - 3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,
He feels the chastening rod ;
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.
 - 4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

- T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name !
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of His love !
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

- T**HOU boundless Source of every good !
Our best desires fulfil ;
Aid us with Thine assisting grace,
To work Thy sovereign will.
- 2 In all Thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see ;
Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

- 3 In every changing scene of life,
 Whate'er that scene may be,
 Give us a meek and humble mind,
 A mind at peace with Thee.
- 4 Do Thou direct our steps aright,
 Help us Thy name to fear;
 And give us grace to watch and pray,
 And strength to persevere.
- 5 Then may we close our eyes in death,
 Free from distracting care:
 For death is life, and labour rest,
 If Thou art with us there.

261

- G**OD is love; His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we move:
Bliss He forms, and woe He lightens;
 God is light, and God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever,
 Worlds decay, and ages move:
But His mercy waneth never;
 God is light, and God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove:
From the mist His brightness streameth;
 God is light, and God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth;
 God is light, and God is love.

262

O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love :
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee—
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- 3 To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm, and free from care,
On any shore—since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But, with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot :
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

263

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave :
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can yet restore my peace :
And He who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.

- 3 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count His mercies o'er ;
I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrows rose
And pressed on every side,
The Lord has still sustained my steps,
'And still has been my guide.
- 5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at His rod :
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God !

264 *Psalm XLVI.*

- G**OD is our refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world :
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.
- 2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease ;
The Lord His saints will not forsake ;
The Lord will give us peace.
 - 3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow ;
It issues from His throne above,
It cheers His Church below.
 - 4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake, and quelled their powers :
The Lord of hosts is still the same ;
The God of grace is ours.

265

Psalm LXXIII.

THY counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Through this dark wilderness;
 Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
 To dwell before Thy face.

- 2 Were I in heaven without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me;
 And while this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but Thee.
- 3 Fainteth my heart, faileth my breath,
 Motion and pulse are o'er;
 But Thou my portion art in death,
 My life for evermore!

266

HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord;
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by Thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
 High on the broken wave;
 They know Thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to Thy will;
 The sea that roars at Thy command,
 At Thy command is still.

- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

267

- A**LL praise and thanks to God most high,
The Father of all love,
The God who doeth wondrously,
The God who reigns above !
- 2 I sought Him in my hour of need ;
Lord God, now hear my prayer !
For death He gave me life indeed,
And comfort for despair.
 - 3 The Lord is never far away,
Nor sundered from His flock ;
He is their refuge and their stay,
Their peace, their trust, their rock.
 - 4 And when earth cannot comfort more,
Nor earthly friends avail,
The Father comes Himself with store
Of help that cannot fail.
 - 5 O Thou, that doest all things well
In earth and sky and sea,
These lips shall never cease to tell
What Thou hast done for me.

268

“ **I**N the mount it shall be seen ;”
God will all provide :
None have e’er forsaken been
Who on Him relied.
Fear not ; Jesu’s aid implore,
Soon will He the light restore.

2 Out of darkness He will raise
Soon the dawning day :
Now prepare thy joyful praise,
He is on His way.
Whilst we seek Him, lo ! He brings
Plenteous healing in His wings.

3 Praise, O Jesu, praise to Thee,
Who our ills hast borne :
Let Thy word our comfort be,
“ Blest are they that mourn ;”
Blest are they whom Thou dost bless,
Present help in all distress.

269

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Lean thou only on His word :
Ever He will be thy stay,
Though all else shall melt away.

2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid :
“ It is I, be not afraid.”

- 3 Cast thy burden at His feet,
Linger near the mercy-seat :
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.
- 4 He will gird thee by His power,
In thy weary, fainting hour :
Lean, then, loving on His word,
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

270

- O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at Thy command
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?
 - 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
 - 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way—
Shall I resist them both ?
The poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth !
 - 5 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

271

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

272

WITH anxious eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea :
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee :
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."
- 3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to Me."

4. When 'gainst my sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to Me."
5. When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill comes o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me."
6. O voice of mercy, voice of love,
In death's last painful agony
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

273

- P**UT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.
2. Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word,
Who heaven and earth commands.
 3. Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promised grace is sure.
 4. Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
His power will clear thy way:
Wait thou His time—the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

274

- F**ATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a quiet mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 So I ask but for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.
- 5 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee ;
And careful, less to serve Thee much
Than to please Thee perfectly.

- 6 In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me ;
For my inmost heart is taught the Truth
That makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

275

- H** EAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray
Let Thy counsels guide my way.
- 2 Lord, uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way ;
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.
- 3 All I ask for is, enough ;
Only, when the way is rough,
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.
- 4 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father ! glorify Thy Name !
- 5 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

276

FATHER of Love, our Guide and Friend,
 O lead us gently on,
 Until life's trial-time shall end,
 And heavenly peace be won!
 We know not what the path may be
 As yet by us untrod;
 But we can trust our all to Thee,
 Our Father and our God!

- 2 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
 The hill of sacrifice,
 Some angel may be there in time;
 Deliverance shall arise:
 Or, if some darker lot be good,
 O teach us to endure
 The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
 That makes the spirit pure!
- 3 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
 And we, His followers here,
 Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,
 In hope, and love, and fear.
 And, till in Heaven we sinless bow,
 And faultless anthems raise,
 O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
 Accept our feeble praise!

277

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
 And hope in Him whate'er betide;
 Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
 Thy all sufficient strength and guide:
 Who trusts in God's unchanging love
 Builds on the rock that nought can move.

- 2 Therefore thy restless heart keep still,
 And wait in cheerful hope ; content
 To take whate'er His gracious will,
 His all-discerning love hath sent :
 God never yet forsook at need
 The soul that trusted Him indeed.

278

LEAD, Saviour, lead, amid the encircling
 gloom,

Lead Thou me on :

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see

The distant scene—one step enough for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on :

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the glare of day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

- 3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

279

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might :
Choose Thou for me, my God ;
So shall I walk aright.

4 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health :
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small :
Be Thou my Guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all !

280

WHERE'ER have trod Thy sacred feet,
Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,
Where men in busy concourse meet,
Or in the lonely wilderness.

2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,
With Thee to bear our cross each day,
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

- 3 Where'er Thou art may we remain,
Where'er Thou goest may we go :
With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain ;
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.
- 4 O may we in each holy tide,
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee,
Content if only by Thy side
In life or death we still may be.

281

- “ **L** ORD, and what shall this man do ? ”
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend ?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end :
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.
- 2 Ask not of him more than this,
Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
Whether, early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate.
 - 3 Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure ?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past ?

282

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us,
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee ;
 Yet possessing
 Every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
 All our weakness Thou dost know ;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
 Heavenward as our steps are tending,
 Pleasures give that never cloy :
 Thus provided,
 Pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

283

OHOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
 Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st us lean,
 Help us throughout life's changing scene
 To cling to Thee !

- 2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what Thou wilt, we'll not repine ;
 For, as the branches to the vine,
 We cling to Thee !

- 3 Though far from home, way-worn, opprest,
Here we have found a place of rest ;
As exiles still, yet not unblest,
We cling to Thee !
- 4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove ?
With patient uncomplaining love
We cling to Thee !
- 5 Though oft we seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone
Cries, "Cling to Me !"
- 6 Blest is our lot, whate'er befall ;
No foes can harm, no fears appal ;
Since as our strength, our rock, our all,
We cling to Thee !

284

- E**TERNAL God ! we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly :
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Lord ! let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide :
That love will all vain love expel ;
That fear, all fear beside.
 - 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let Thy grace supply :
The good, unasked, in mercy grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.

285

THOU, who breakest every chain,
 Thou, who still art ever near,
 Thou, with whom disgrace and pain
 Turn to joy and heaven e'en here ;
 Look upon our bonds and see
 How doth all creation groan
 'Neath the yoke of vanity,
 Make Thy full redemption known !

- 2 Lord, we do not ask for rest
 For the flesh, we only pray
 Thou wouldst do as seems Thee best,
 Ere yet comes our parting day.
 But our spirit clings to Thee,
 Will not, dare not, let Thee go,
 Until Thou have set her free
 From the bonds that cause her woe.
- 3 Draw us to Thy cross, O Love !
 Crucify with Thee whate'er
 Cannot dwell with Thee above,
 Lead us to those regions fair !
 Courage ! long the time may seem,
 Yet His day is coming fast ;
 We shall be like them that dream
 When our freedom dawns at last.

286

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
 Or tremble at the tempest's power ?
 Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

- 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field ?
 Why must I either flee or yield,
 Since Jesus is my mighty shield ?

- 3 When earthly comforts fade and die,
The world may weep—but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- 4 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 5 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 6 Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power divine—
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

287

- B**LEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.
- 2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope!
We to Thy mercy fly:
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.
 - 3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign:
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.
 - 4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee:
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

288

LORD, it is not for us to care
Whether we die or live :
To love and serve Thee is our share,
And this Thy grace will give.
If life be long, O make us glad
The longer to obey ;
If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

2 Christ leads us through no darker ways
Than He went through before :
Whoever for God's kingdom prays
Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be !

3 There shall we end our sad complaints,
Our weary, sinful days,
And join with those triumphant saints
Who sing Thine endless praise.
Our knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim :
Enough for us that Christ knows all,
And we shall be with Him !

289

WE ask for life, and mean thereby
A few uncertain years,
The sunshine of a changeful sky
Over a vale of tears :
But Thou art better than our prayers,
And givest, in Thy love,
A shorter path through earthly cares,
A longer rest above.

- 2 We ask for life Thy work to do,
For Thee to toil and win,
To warn the many, save the few,
From sorrow and from sin :
In rolling years and fleeting breath
We think the boon must lie :
Thou teachest that a faithful death
Is highest victory.

290

FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know ;
If Thou withdraw thyself from me,
O whither shall I go ?

- 2 What did Thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death !
- 3 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary longing eyes :
Preserve in me that precious gift—
My soul without it dies !

291

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee :
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name ?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;
To know it now resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know.

3 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer :
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

4 My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live :
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

5 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art ;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend ;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end :
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature, and Thy Name, is Love !

292

- T**HOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor let it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?
O tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there :
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live !
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive :
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee !
- 4 O Love ! Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from forbidden care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there :
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may " Abba, Father," cry.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits Thy call ;
Speak to mine inmost soul, and say,
I am thy life, thy God, thy all !
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice !

295

- J**UST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve :
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am, (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,)
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come !

296

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend !
 Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
 On this alone my hopes depend,
 That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
 Far off appears my resting-place,
 And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
 Then, Saviour, plead for me !

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
 Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
 And see no glimmering guiding ray,
 Still, Saviour, plead for me !

4 And when my dying hour draws near,
 Darkened with conflict, pain, and fear,
 Then to my fainting sight appear,
 Pleading in heaven for me !

5 When the full light of heavenly day
 Reveals my sins in dread array,
 Say Thou hast washed them all away,
 O say Thou plead'st for me !

297

GREAT High-priest, who deign'dst to be
 Once the sacrifice for me,
 Take this living heart of mine,
 Lay it on Thy holy shrine.

Love, I know, accepteth nought,
 Save what Thou, O Love, hast wrought :
 Offer Thou my sacrifice,
 Else to God it cannot rise.

- 3 Slay in me the wayward will,
Earthly sense and passion kill,
Tear self-love from out my heart,
Though it cost me bitter smart.
- 4 So may God the Righteous brook
On my sacrifice to look ;
In whose sight no gift has worth
Save a Christ-like life on earth.

298

- O** SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within ;
Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.
- 2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light.
 - 3 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.
 - 4 There as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee ;
And in a fairer, happier home
Thy perfect beauty see.

299

SAVIOUR Divine, we know Thy Name,
And in that Name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art Thine Israel's boast.

2 Guilty we plead before Thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch His gracious arm,
And bring salvation nigh.

3 The sins of one most righteous day
Must plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety clear.

4 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given;
Soon shall Thy faithful people change
Their wilderness for heaven.

5 With joy we taste the blessings now
Thy mercy sends us down;
We seal our humble vows to Thee,
And wait the promised crown.

300

THOU, whom chiefest I desire,
Jesus, crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire—

I would seek it, Lord, in Thee,
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Makes the joy of saints below:
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Makes the bliss of saints above.

- 2 Lord, it is not life to live,
 If Thy presence Thou deny :
 Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die.
 Source and Giver of repose,
 Only from Thy love it flows :
 Peace and happiness are Thine—
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

301

- L**ORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
 And plead to be forgiven,
 So let Thy life our pattern be,
 And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
 Our daily cross to bear ;
 Like Thee to do our Father's will,
 Our brethren's griefs to share,
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
 Our earthliness refine ;
 And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
 As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
 And grief's dark day come on,
 We in our turn would meekly cry,
 Father, Thy will be done !
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
 Forgiving and forgiven,
 O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
 And follow Thee to heaven !

302

LONG enthralled in guilt and sorrow,
Sinner, hail the accepted hour!
Jesus is at hand to save thee,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

- 2 Let not conscience make thee linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream :
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel thy need of Him :
This He gives thee,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Prostrate in the moonlit garden
Lo, the world's Creator lies !
On the bloodstained cross behold Him !
Hear Him cry, before He dies,
" It is finished"—
Sinner, will not this suffice ?
- 4 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merit of His blood !
Venture on Him, venture wholly—
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

303

JESU! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Nor e'er from heart o'erflowed
A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.

2 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
But what to those who find? Ah, this
No tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

3 O Thou, the source of life and light
To all who trust in Thee,
Whose gifts are fulness infinite,
Whose yoke is liberty:
Thee, Jesu, let our voices bless,
Thee let us love alone,
And ever of Thy life express
The image in our own!

304

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear ;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hidingplace ;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace !
- 4 Jesus, my Master, Shepherd, Friend ;
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End—
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death !

305

NAME of Jesus ! Name of pleasure,
By the tongue unspeakable,
Name of sweetness passing measure,
To the ear delectable,
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

- 2 'Tis the Name for adoration,
'Tis the Name of victory ;
'Tis the Name for meditation
In the vale of misery ;
'Tis the Name for veneration
By the citizens on high.
- 3 'Tis the Name by right exalted
Over every other name ;
This, when we are sore assaulted,
Puts our enemies to shame ;
Strength to them that else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.
- 4 Jesus, we Thy Name adoring
Long to see Thee as Thou art ;
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upward soaring,
We with angels may have part.

306

AND did the Son of God appear
 A man of toil and suffering here?
 Him let us then our pattern make,
 Who toiled and suffered for our sake.

- 2 Though holy, harmless, undefiled,
 He learned obedience from a child;
 Through youth, in grace and wisdom grew;
 As man, the tempter's wiles o'erthrew.
- 3 Rebuke and scorn He meekly bore;
 The more reviled, He loved the more:
 Thus He delighted to fulfil
 Love's law, His heavenly Father's will.
- 4 O'er land and sea, whate'er the cost,
 He came to seek and save the lost;
 For this He hungered, thirsted, sighed,
 Watched, prayed and laboured, lived and died.
- 5 Taught by His Spirit, thus may we
 In all things like our Pattern be;
 By His our words and actions frame,
 And bear His cross who bear His name!

307

"COME to a desert place apart,
 And rest a little while;"
 So spake the Lord, when limbs and heart
 Waxed faint and sick through toil.

- 2 High communings with God He sought;
 But, where He sought them, found
 The restless crowd together brought,
 And labour's weary round.

- 3 Then not a thought to self was given,
Nor breathed He word of blame :
He fed their souls with bread from heaven,
Then stayed their sinking frame.
- 4 Turned He, when that long task was done,
To sleep fatigue away ?
When on the desert sank the sun,
The Saviour waked to pray.
- 5 O perfect Pattern from above !
So strengthen us, that ne'er
Prayer keep us back from works of love,
Nor works of love from prayer.

308

- O** JOY for those whose path is sent
Through busy scenes, to feel
How amongst sinners Jesus went
In meekness, love, and zeal !
- 2 Blest thought for every faithful heart,
That pure would still remain,
Yet do its firm but gentle part
Amid the bad and vain !
 - 3 Good Lord, through this world's troubled way
Thy children's path secure ;
And lead us onward, day by day,
Gentle, like Thee, and pure.
 - 4 Be ours to do Thy work of love,
All erring souls to win ;
Amid a sinful world to move,
Yet give no smile to sin.

309

LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Thou one with us on Calvary,
We one with Thee above.

- 2 Such was Thy love, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down;
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee!
The sting, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,
To set Thy members free.
- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 5 Ere long shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That we in Thee are one.

310

O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from guilt set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My blest Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new, best name of Love !

311

- O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
 - 3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
 - 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

312

JESU, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy name agree :
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all strife for ever cease.

2 By Thy reconciling love
Every stumblingblock remove :
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come and spread Thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear ;
To the world the pattern give—
Show how Christ's disciples live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To Thy family above ;
On the wings of angels fly—
Show how Christ's disciples die.

313

HOLY Jesu ! Saviour blest !
When, by passion strong possest,
Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art the Way.

2 Holy Jesu ! when like night
Error dims our clouded sight,
Through the mists of sin to shine
Thou dost rise, the Truth divine.

- 3 Holy Jesu ! when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife—
Thou to aid us art the Life.
- 4 Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come,
And His glorious presence see,
Jesu ! He must come by Thee.
- 5 Channel of the Father's grace !
Image of the Father's Face !
Saviour blest ! Incarnate Son !
With the Father Thou art One.

314

- T**HOU art the Way—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
 - 3 Thou art the Life—the opening tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
 - 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
Whence joys eternal flow.

315

- M**Y God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!
- 2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine—
Thy will be done!
- 3 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
Thy will be done!
- 4 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!
- 5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

316

- L**ET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.
- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold:
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

- 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore :
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.
- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove :
There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

317

- O** WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh :
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace !
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

318

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me—
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 Then let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

- 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

- 319 **O** SHAME upon thee, listless heart,
So sad a sigh to heave,
As if thy Saviour had no part
In thoughts that make thee grieve.
- 2 As if along His lonesome way
He had not borne for thee
Sad languors through the summer day,
Storms on the wintry sea.
- 3 No spring was His—no fairy gleam—
For He by trial knew
How cold and bare what mortals dream,
To worlds where all is true.
- 4 Then grudge not thou the anguish keen
Which makes thee like thy Lord;
And learn to quit with eye serene
Thy youth's ideal hoard.
- 5 Thy treasured hopes and raptures high,
Unmurmuring let them go,
Nor grieve the bliss should quickly fly
Which Christ disdained to know.
- 6 Thou shalt have joy in sadness soon;
The pure calm hope be thine,
Which brightens, like the eastern moon,
As day's wild lights decline.

320

- W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do—
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 5 And O when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

321

WHEN in the hours of lonely woe
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear, and dark distrust,
Weigh down my spirit to the dust ;

- 2 When not even friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made ;
This thought shall check each rising sigh,
That Jesus is for ever nigh !
- 3 His counsel and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are ;
And He shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! in whom but Thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love ?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with Thee ?
- 5 My flesh is hastening to decay,
Soon shall the world have passed away ;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail ?
- 6 But O be Thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die :
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine !

322

THERE is a Friend, more tender, true,
 Than brother e'er can be ;
 Who, when all others fade from view,
 Remains, and will not flee :
 Who, be their pathway bright or dim,
 Deserts not those who turn to Him.

- 2 He is the Friend who changeth not
 In sickness or in health ;
 Whether on earth our transient lot
 Be poverty or wealth ;
 In joy or grief, contempt or fame,
 To all who seek Him still the same.
- 3 The heart by Christ sustained, though deep
 Its anguish, still can bear ;
 The heart He condescends to keep
 Shall never know despair :
 In nature's weakness, sorrow's night,
 God is its strength, its joy, its light !

323

ASHAMED of Jesus ! can it be ?
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee !
 Scorned be the thought by rich and poor—
 O may I scorn it more and more !

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! of that Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no sins to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my portion be—
That Saviour not ashamed of me!

324

INCARNATE Word! who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be
At Cana's poor festivity:

2 O when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, may we think on Thee,
And, seated at the festal board,
In fancy's eye behold the Lord.

3 Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
And think—even now Thy searching gaze
Each secret of our soul surveys!

4 So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
Shall leave a rankling sting behind!

325

HOW blessèd are the eyes that see,
Though wakeful anguish show,
The love that in their hours of sleep
Unthanked may come and go;
And blessèd are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.

2 And blessèd they that learn from Thee,
O Lord, though suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And peace too deep for speech—
Peace, that no pressure from without,
No strife within, can reach.

3 There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified:
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.

4 My heart is fixed, O God, my Strength,
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care:
Deal with me for my Saviour's sake
According to His prayer!

326

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart !

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thine hosts above ;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy boundless love !

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be ;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly fulfilled by Thee ;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till we rest in heaven above,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, joy, and love !

327

H EAD of the Church triumphant !
We joyfully adore Thee :
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation !

2 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
By Thee we shall break through them all,
Ere death our conflict closes.

3 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us ;
The world despise, for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us.
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To call us up to heaven !

328

THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder.
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder !

2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger.
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated ;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long
O'er death and hell defeated !

329

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God !

2 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never suffer more.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God !

3 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing ;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God !

4 How sweet the prospect is !
It cheers the pilgrim's breast :
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God !

330

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise ;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes ;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

33^I

WHY doth the Saviour weep
At sight of Sion's bowers?
Shows it not fair from yonder steep,
Her gorgeous crown of towers?
Mark well His holy pains:
'Tis not in pride or scorn
That Israel's King with sorrow stains
His own triumphal morn.

- 2 "If thou hadst known, even thou,
"At least in this thy day,
"The message of thy peace! but now
"'Tis past for aye away:
"Now foes shall trench thee round,
"And lay thee even with earth,
"And dash thy children to the ground,
"Thy glory and thy mirth."

- 3 And doth the Saviour weep
Over His people's sin,
Because we will not let Him keep
The souls He died to win?
Ye hearts that love the Lord,
If at this sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made Him mourn.

332

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem,
Enthronèd once on high,
Thou favoured house of God on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky !
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Our tears shall flow for thee.

2 O hadst thou known thy day of grace,
And flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed King !
But now thy day is sunk in night,
Thy time of mercy spent :
For heavy was thy children's crime,
And strange its punishment.

3 O gaze not idly on their fall,
But, sinner, warnèd be :
Who sparèd not His chosen seed,
May send His wrath on thee.
Their day of grace is sunk in night ;
Thy day is in its prime :
O turn and seek thy Saviour's face
In this accepted time.

333

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God :
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 Though the world esteem thee lowly,
Though they pass thy ramparts by ;
Yet the Lord whose Name is Holy,
He who fills eternity,
He whom not the heaven containeth,
Not the high and holy place,
Still within thy walls remaineth,
Still upholds thee with His grace.
- 3 Heed not thou reproach and scorning ;
Fear not threats or danger near :
Soon shall rise the blissful morning
When the Bridegroom shall appear.
Then, His light abiding in thee,
Who so glad, so blest as thou ?
Happy they that dwell within thee,
They that love and own thee now !

334

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end!

335

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.
- 3 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near
To bear him to their bright abode.
- 4 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless;
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?
- 5 O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, Thy face to see,
Impress Thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with Thee!

336

WE'VE no abiding city here—
Sad truth, were this to be our home!
But let this thought our spirit cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

2 We've no abiding city here—
Then let us live as pilgrims do:
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

3 We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight—
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

4 Zion! Jehovah is her strength,
Secure she smiles at all her foes,
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

5 O blest abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had we the pinions of the dove,
We'd fly to thee and be at rest.

337

O CHRIST! our hope, our hearts' desire,
Redemption's only spring!
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King!

2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free!

- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom hath been paid ;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In robes of light arrayed.
- 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare !
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there !
- 5 O Christ ! be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward !
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord !

338

O SUN of righteousness, arise
With healing in Thy wings !
To my diseased, my fainting soul
Thy light salvation brings.

- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel
By Thine all-piercing beam ;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame !
- 3 My mind by Thine all-quickening power
From low desires set free ;
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on Thee !

339

GO up, go up, my heart,
Dwell with thy God above ;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.

2 Go up, go up, my heart,
Be not a trifler here ;
Ascend above these clouds,
Dwell in a higher sphere.

3 Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim ;
Go up to heaven and God,
Take up thy love to Him.

4 Waste not thy precious stores
On creature love below :
To God that wealth belongs,
On Him that wealth bestow.

5 Go up, reluctant heart,
Take up thy rest above ;
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts,
Ascend, my lingering love !

340

WE walk on earth, and to its ways
Our time and thoughts are given :
Yet, amid all its busiest days,
Our hearts may be in heaven.
Nothing so lightens the dull load
Life's urgent claims impose,
As close communion with our God ;
It is our best repose.

2 When vexed with ills, which we despair
 To baffle, or control,
 The lifting of the heart in prayer
 Sheds sunshine on the soul.
 When disappointed in the love
 We leaned on too secure,
 What joy it is to look above,
 And feel—one Friend is sure!

3 Thus we in peace our souls possess,
 Though all around be fear,
 Full of the blessed consciousness
 That heaven is sure, and near.
 We can bear any cross, or grief,
 If, with their gloom, be given
 This one sweet secret of relief,
 To keep our thoughts in heaven.

341

O GOD! by whom the seed is given,
 By whom the harvest blest;
 Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
 Is planted in our breast;

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
 And plunderers of the air;
 The sultry sun's intenser heat,
 And weeds of worldly care!

3 Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
 Do Thou Thy grace supply:
 The hope in earthly furrows sown
 Shall ripen in the sky!

342

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Each other's grace improve :
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

343

Psalm cxxxix.

LORD, Thou hast searched me out, and known
My rising up and lying down :
Thou know'st them all—each thought in me
Far off is deeply traced by Thee.

2 Discoverer of my path and bed,
Companion sure where'er I tread ;
Ere from my tongue a word can fall,
Behold, O Lord, Thou knowest all !

3 Behind, before me, all around,
Thy potent arm my frame hath bound :
I feel Thine hand, but may not see—
O wondrous skill, too high for me !

- 4 I climb to heaven, and Thou art there ;
To the low dungeon I repair,
And make my bed—behold Thee still,
Thy piercing eye, Thy ruling will !
- 5 What if the wings of morn I take,
My tent in farthest ocean make ?
Even there Thy hand shall guide my way,
Thy strong right arm my goings stay.
- 6 Then said I, Darkness sure will hide ;
But night was day on every side :
The darkness is not dark with Thee ;
By day and night Thy beams are free.

344

- C**OME, let us search our hearts, and try
If all our ways be right :
Is God's great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?
- 2 Have we to others truly done
As we would have them do ?
Envious, unkind, and false to none,
But always just and true ?
- 3 In vain we speak of Jesu's blood,
And place in Him our trust,
If, while we boast our love to God,
We prove to men unjust.
- 4 Thou, before whom we stand in awe,
And tremble, and obey,
Write in our hearts Thy perfect law,
And keep us in Thy way.

345

HOPE, Christian soul : in every stage
Of this thine earthly pilgrimage
Let heavenly joy thy thoughts engage :
Abound in hope.

2 Hope, though thy lot be want and woe,
Though hate's rude storms against thee blow ;
Thy Saviour's lot was such below :
Abound in hope.

3 Hope, for to all who meekly bear
His cross, He gives His crown to wear ;
Abasement here is glory there :
Abound in hope.

4 Hope, though thy dear ones round thee die ;
Behold with faith's illumined eye
Their deathless home beyond the sky :
Abound in hope.

5 Hope, for upon that happy shore
Sorrow and sighing will be o'er,
And saints shall meet to part no more :
Abound in hope.

6 Hope, through the watches of the night ;
Hope, till the morrow bring the light ;
Hope, till thy faith be lost in sight :
Abound in hope.

346

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow ;
Dread not his rage and power :
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

- 2 Be of good cheer ; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs ;
Then leave it to your Lord :
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and His word.
- 3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown :
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.
- 4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer !
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again :
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen !

347

Psalm xciii.

GOD the Lord a King remaineth,
Robed in His own glorious light :
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth—
He hath girded Him with might.

Hallelujah !

God is King in depth and height.

2 In her everlasting station

Earth is poised, to swerve no more :
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,
From all time where thought can soar.

Hallelujah !

Lord, Thou art for evermore.

3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,

Ocean-floods have lift their roar :
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.

Hallelujah !

For the Ocean's sounding store.

4 With all tones of waters blending

Glorious is the breaking deep :
Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God, who reigns on heaven's high steep.

Hallelujah !

Songs of Ocean never sleep.

5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling

Are the perfect verity :
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.

Hallelujah !

Pure is all that lives with Thee.

348

THERE was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When this goodly world to frame
 The Lord of might and mercy came :
 Shouts of joy were heard on high,
 And the stars sang from the sky—
 Glory to God in heaven !

2 There was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When the billows, heaving dark,
 Sank around the stranded ark,
 And the rainbow's watery span
 Spake of mercy, hope to man,
 And peace with God in heaven !

3 There was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem ;
 And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang—On earth good-will,
 And glory in the heaven !

4 There is joy in heaven !
 There is joy in heaven !
 When the sheep that went astray
 Turns again to virtue's way ;
 When the soul, by grace subdued,
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 Then is there joy in heaven !

349

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Saints below with heart and voice
Now in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

350

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven !
To His feet thy tribute bring :
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing ?
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise the everlasting King !

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him still the same for ever,
 Slow to chide and swift to bless:
 Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Glorious in His faithfulness!
- 3 Angels, help us to adore Him!
 Ye behold Him face to face:
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him!
 Dwellers all in time and space,
 Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Praise with us the God of grace!

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- P**RAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore Him,
 Praise Him, angels in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light!
 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken—
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws which never shall be broken
 For their guidance He has made.
- 2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
 Never shall His promise fail:
 God hath made His saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim:
 Heaven and earth and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His Name!

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

II.

GLORY be to God above,
Fountain of eternal love ;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

III.

FATHER, guard us from above ;
Saviour, bless us with Thy love ;
Spirit, on our spirits shine ;
Make and ever keep us Thine.



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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1995. The public sector has also become an important employer of women, with 50% of public sector employees being women in 1995.

There are a number of reasons why the public sector has become an important employer of women. One reason is that the public sector has a high proportion of women in its workforce. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector is a large employer of women in a range of occupations, and that it has a high proportion of women in its senior management positions.

Another reason why the public sector has become an important employer of women is that it has a high proportion of women in its senior management positions. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of women in its senior management positions, and that it has a high proportion of women in its senior management positions.

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